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Contents

The Week 95
Editorials
Add President's Message..... 98
Training for War..... 100
General Articles
Mr. Baldwin's First Year of Office...Harold J. Laski 103
Aids to a Painter Doing a Posthumous Portrait (verse).....George O'Neil 104
The Preparedness Program of the War Department .....Forrest Revere Black 105
Mrs. Hannah More.....E. M. Forster 106
Some Recent Films.....Edmund Wilson 109
To American Flyers in Morocco (verse)..... .....Witter Bynner 109
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 110
The Two Parades.....Gilbert Seldes 111
Truth Is Stranger.....Robert Littell 112
Correspondence 113
Reviews of Books
A Nonconforming Journalist..Robert Morss Lovett 115
Whither British Agriculture?.....E. C. Lindeman 116
Ignorance and Unveracity.....C. Hartley Grattan 117
Globe-Trotting Through the Literary World..... .....Ernest P. Horrwitz 117
The Travel Club.....E. Vincent 118
Fiction Notes.....Moses Harper 118

The Week

THE keynote of President Coolidge's message to Congress and, indeed, of his whole political and economic philosophy is summed up in one sentence of the first paragraph. "The country does not appear to require radical departures from the policies already adopted so much as it needs the further extension of these policies and the improvement in details." This, of course, is practically the attitude which all American Presidents assumed from the end of the Civil War to the election of Theodore Roosevelt. During the Roosevelt and Wilson periods the atmosphere was different. From 1904 until 1918 there was an increasingly general anticipation in American public opinion, to which the occupant of the White House usually contributed, that thorough-going changes were impending, and that the security and continuity of American national life depended not upon avoiding such changes but in technically and spiritually preparing for them. Mr. Coolidge represents a complete reversion to the earlier point of view. The institutions and policies of the American government as conducted by the Republican party, as he sees them, are essentially and permanently right. Any improvement in popular welfare is more likely to "be retarded by government activity" than it is by the failure of the government to act. The first duty of the patriotic American is vigilantly to safeguard this system from change. It embodies a political truth, which Americans should impose on their future national experience and which they should consciously accept and proclaim as conclusive.

IN one respect only does Coolidgism differ from the political philosophy of Garfield or McKinley. The early Republican Presidents were not afraid of the federal government. On the contrary they were disposed to increase its functions and to use it in many ways as a positive agency of the national economic welfare—meaning by national economic welfare the enrichment of individuals. Mr. Coolidge is afraid of the federal government. He conceives of it as an agency which cannot be invoked except for extremely limited purposes without impoverishing local responsibility and the vitality of local institutions. From his point of view he is, of course, wise in modifying in this respect the earlier philosophy of his party. His object is to protect vested interests and to enable them to enjoy for an indefinite future their existing opportunities and privileges undisturbed. The federal government at present is organized for the purpose of safeguarding these profitable privileges from attack and for that of making their exercise more profitable. Their regulation is for the most part left to the states, but the states are usually either indifferent or impotent; and in so far as they might contribute towards a social policy the 14th Amendment as interpreted by the Supreme Courts clips their claws. There is no more effective way, consequently, of emasculating progressivism as a national political policy and issue than by positing, as Mr. Coolidge does, that the federal government cannot assume positive social responsibilities without baleful results.

DISREGARDING for the moment his general point of view, from which the New Republic entirely dissents, there are many of Mr. Coolidge's

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specific recommendations to Congress which are sensible and businesslike. He argues ably in favor of the rapid reduction of the national debt, but his argument is conclusive not only against the Democratic proposal to delay by a generation the payment of the debt but against the slowing down of that process which is being brought about by the reduction of the super-taxes. He warns the public that federal expenditures are already deflated and are likely to increase in the future—thereby providing another argument against the surrender of an important source of income. He asks for legislation along the lines recommended by the Coal Commission. He pleads with apparent sincerity and real force in favor of the entrance of the United States into the World Court. His references to a disarmament conference are ambiguous, but they do not forbid the dispatch of an American representative to a European conference to participate in at least some of the deliberations. It contains in all these respects no novelties, but in his attitude towards the nation's business he gives the impression of a man who likes details and deals with them patiently, attentively and conscientiously.

FOR the most part the language used by Mr. Coolidge in his last message is studiously moderate. There are comparatively few passages in which his favorite comparison of the United States to Utopia breaks through a presumably self-imposed moderation and reserve. But there is one passage in which his moderation deserts him, and this outburst, significantly enough, is provoked by the policy of the Republican party with respect to Muscle Shoals. "If anything were needed," he says, "to demonstrate the almost utter incapacity of the national government to deal directly with an industrial and commercial problem, it would be provided by our experience with this property." This passage indicates plainly what would happen to any proposal for the operation of Muscle Shoals by the federal government if it reached the White House, and it indicates also that the spectacle of the performance by the government of any function which should in Mr. Coolidge's opinion be left to private enterprise provokes in him the utmost irritation. What he calls a demonstration of incapacity is in this instance essentially absurd. He might just as well assert that the wrecking of the New Haven Railroad by unwise private management demonstrated the inability of a private corporation to operate a railroad. A government is an inefficient agency for the conduct of any business about the purpose of which public opinion is divided, but it has certain advantages which private corporations do not possess in administering businesses such as the Panama Canal, the Post Office and waterworks, which are now admitted to be public services with an unmistakable function.

Can the anthracite operators still maintain as virtuous a posture in the public eye as before their rejection of the Pinchot mediation terms? We hardly think so, although they are doing everything that devious reasoning and high-priced publicity can do to justify themselves. The Governor's proposal for a five-year agreement with a wage increase if it is reasonably possible without an increase in prices they reject because (1) it is arbitration of wages up but not down, (2) it involves —they say—fixing prices for a period of five years on the basis of present labor costs, and would thus put them in the same precarious position occupied by those bituminous operators who bound themselves to too high wages in the Jacksonville agreement and were subsequently forced to abrogate their contract when prices fell, and (3) if there is anything to be squeezed from profits, why give it to the wage-earners instead of to the public in lower prices? To any keen eye it is obvious that these are debating points, not reasons. For, (1) there is not the slightest justification for a reduction of anthracite wages now—that point has not been at issue, (2) any wage agreement whatever involves a risk to the employer in changing prices, and there is no economic parallel between the risk of the bituminous operator in a chaotic, overdeveloped industry and that of the anthracite operator in a limited and virtually monopolized industry, and (3) the operators do not intend to reveal their profits if they can help it, and have no intention of sharing them with the public or encouraging the public to adopt any method of control by which it may secure lower prices. The operators say they fear the Governor because he called them a hard-boiled monopoly, and they do not want to further his political ambition. Well, they are a hard-boiled monopoly and everybody knows it. And which is of greater value to the country, scotching Mr. Pinchot's ambition or getting the strike settled?

FORTY-ONE distinguished economists and industrial engineers have offered themselves as the next victims in the effort to bring enduring anthracite peace by addressing a homily to the miners and operators on the desirability of uninterrupted production, and the possibility of remedying the basic ills of the industry which give rise to strikes. They want "a continuing joint agency," not to adjust grievances but to consider "the underlying economic and technical facts by which all questions of wages, working conditions and earnings must in the end be determined." Joint effort in improving methods can raise wages and lower prices at the same time. This is good publicity in behalf of the salutary movement for coöperation between employers and unions in improving service, so that the public and the parties to the industry may all benefit. It cannot be emphasized too strongly, however, that the essential basis for such coöperation is mutual confidence between the parties, based on complete publicity for all essential facts and a willingness to operate the industry as a public service. Obviously the time is not

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ripe for coöperation in the anthracite industry. Mutual distrust exists in place of mutual confidence because the operators, constituting an immensely profitable quasi-monopoly, will not admit that anthracite mining is a public utility, object to all forms of public control, and refuse standardization and publicity of their accounts. A decisive battle must be fought and won by the public or the miners or both on this issue before honest coöperation is possible. We think if most of the engineers and economists in question felt free to express their undiplomatic private opinions they would agree to this qualification.

AS Senator Walsh remarked, it reëstablishes confidence in the administration of justice to have the District Court of Appeals at Washington sustain the indictments for bribery, against the decision of the lower court, in the cases of Albert B. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior, and the Dohenys. The defense attacked the indictments on the ground that an officer of the department of Justice was present in the grand jury room at the time they were found, the contention being that as the case had been placed by the government in the hands of special prosecutors this official was an outsider. This view was sustained, suspiciously enough, by the District Court; but Chief Justice Martin of the higher court holds that it is a labored ruling since the officer of the department of Justice was present at the request of the special attorneys in his capacity as expert in drawing indictments. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Roberts and Pomerene will be able to bring the cases to trial without further delay. It would further reëstablish confidence in the administration of justice to have Fall and the Dohenys forced to give the court very explicit reasons why they should not be in stripes.

NO more significant industrial event has occurred for a long time than the organization by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America of the Nash clothing factory in Cincinnati—the establishment of the celebrated "Golden Rule Nash." Here was an employer who announced his intention to run his business on Christian principles, who engaged in all sorts of welfare work—and who made large sums of money—but did not recognize the union or engage in true collective bargaining with his employes. His factory was often pointed out as a model "open shop," disproving the necessity of unions if the employer were well intentioned. But Mr. Nash has come to the conclusion that benevolent autocracy is no substitute for industrial constitutionalism, that mercy without justice is odious in a democratic society, that he needs collective relationship with a union organization in order to stabilize his business. The reputation of the Amalgamated and the intelligence of its officers—based upon numerous hard-fought and realistic victories—created a moral pressure which he could no longer resist. Thus the plant was organized without a strike and with the employer's encouragement and consent—an almost unheard-of development in American industry since President Hillman achieved the same result some years ago in the Rochester clothing market. If more of the same kind of conquest could be won by unions in other industries, a great social gain could be made and a great economic waste diminished.

BECAUSE Frederick W. Taylor and some of his methods were bitterly condemned by organized labor for years, and because Mr. Taylor and some of his immediate followers apparently saw no place for the functioning of unions in industry, it was a historic occasion last week when William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, addressed a joint meeting of the Taylor Society and the Management Division of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in a friendly vein, and was warmly welcomed by the members of the societies. The engineers themselves deserve great credit for the more intelligent conception of industrial relations which made such an event possible. The late Robert Valentine was the first who foresaw the possibility, but he was a voice crying in the wilderness. Little by little, however, the idea of coöperative relationships spread, and the technique of establishing them began to be elaborated, by such men as Morris L. Cooke, Robert Wolfe, and Otto S. Beyer. So Mr. Green could recognize the importance of management in improving the condition of the wage-earner, could argue for the necessity of genuine trade union coöperation in a program of improving the technique of industry as a public service, and could offer coöperation to those managements willing candidly to accept it. The conception has now been officially recognized by both parties—there remains the long and ardous task of establishing it in general practice.

PROGRESSIVE men may be losing their faith and inventiveness, but progressive women evidently are not. The New York Federation of Progressive Women has recently made a beginning in what we regard as the most essential task of the movement—real popular education as opposed to political propaganda—by issuing a pamphlet questionnaire entitled Our Economic System. It is something of an achievement to suggest anything pertinent and accurate about such a gargantuan subject, in eight pages containing twenty-eight questions and answers, but the Progressive women seem to have done it. Necessarily the presentation is fragmentary and general, but we defy anyone who accepts the commonplace defenses of the capitalist system as it is to read this pamphlet without admitting to his consciousness doubts that it will be hard to quell. There is nothing sensational or ignorant about the attack, and most of the statements are so carefully guarded that few scholarly economists could raise strong ob-

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jections to them. Nevertheless they constitute a pretty fundamental criticism of the present order and an indication of some means of its improvement.

ONE of the great advantages of the report of President Coolidge's Aircraft Board is its tendency to discourage further agitation in favor of a large expansion of aerial armament. The report effectively exposes the claim of Colonel Mitchell and others that America is in danger of attack from the air. The United States is at the present time practically impregnable against any attack from any source, and if we arm, our armaments should be considered less as an agency for the protection of the American continent from violation and invasion than an instrument of the foreign policy of the American government. The explosion of Colonel Mitchell was, so we infer from the report, caused by the stupid handling by the War and Navy departments of a number of young, high-strung and excitable aviators. They were entitled to more attention and more support than they were receiving, and they magnified their grievances into a national danger. There is no national danger, but these young gentlemen, who are serving their country at a considerable steady risk of their own lives, are entitled to improved equipment and to greater consideration in council.

Add President's Message

IN the hope of being appointed drafter of presidential documents in place of the lately resigned Judson Welliver, the writer recently drew up certain passages which he thought should be included in the President's message to Congress. But the job has been filled, and not by the writer. These passages probably are not acceptable to Mr. Coolidge and nothing like them will be found among his recommendations. Nevertheless they are here published, so that those who care to read may compare what is with what might have been, and draw whatever conclusions seem to them appropriate.

"In a recent address to the New York Chamber of Commerce I called attention to the great prosperity of the country, to the progressive elimination of waste in industry, to the higher rate of productivity which, I said, made possible increased wages with reduced prices and hence a higher standard of living for the workers. I regret to inform you that on account of misinformation received from the Secretary of Commerce these statements were not entirely accurate. There is not in existance a reliable index of average money wages, but the best information we have indicates that they are somewhat lower now than in 1920. The price figures which I quoted were of wholesale prices, which have fallen considerably more than retail prices or the cost of living, and of course the wage-earner buys at retail.

"It does, indeed, seem to be true that the money wages of manual workers in factories, railroads and construction have on the average fallen somewhat less than the cost of living since 1920, and that the purchasing power of these workers is therefore perhaps 20 percent higher than before the War. There remain, however, serious dangers in this situation. Many thousands of soft coal miners have not kept pace with the general trend. Perhaps millions of salaried workers have not followed it. Certainly millions of farmers are no better off than in 1924. And although the purchasing power of the individual factory worker has increased since 1920, there are fewer factory workers employed. So that on the whole there is grave doubt whether the total purchasing power of the ultimate consumers is growing rapidly enough to absorb all that industry can turn out under improved methods. This creates an ever-present danger of what is commonly called 'overproduction' with its attendant industrial depression. The fact that such a depression has not yet arrived may perhaps be attributed to the rapid extension of instalment buying (through which the customer is tempted to acquire more than his current income will pay for) and to the abnormal activity of the important building construction industry. Neither can continue indefinitely; there are already signs of the end of the building boom. Whether for these causes or for others, industrial depression is almost certain to arrive some time, and probably within a year or two. And it is our duty, not merely to congratulate ourselves on past good fortune, but to prepare thoroughly against worse conditions which may be in store.

"Again and again we have been overtaken by depression and unemployment totally unprepared. Again and again investigating bodies have discovered that emergency measures taken after the crisis has arrived are too late to be of much service. Again and again they have pointed out that preparation should be made in times of prosperity. After a brief study of these reports, I therefore recommend the following measures.

"An adequate appropriation should be made for the Federal Employment Service, which should be restored to its war footing in order that we may keep track both of jobs open and of workers seeking employment throughout the country, and bring the latter to the former as far as possible. Of course close coöperation should be effected with whatever state employment agencies or coöperative industrial agencies are in existence. But let me remind you of the fact that a systematic service is necessary in order that we may know the elementary facts about unemployment when it arrives, and may apply scientific measures of relief.

"Having thus reduced the number of unavoidably unemployed to a minimum and learned the essential facts of the situation we may consider compensation to those out of jobs. Genuine unemployment is not the fault of the wage-earner, but is a

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risk incidental to the industrial order, which may and should be insured against just as we insure against fire, accident and death. Great Britain has applied a national plan of unemployment insurance under the state, with employers and employes as contributaries, which, in spite of far more severe depressions than we have encountered or may expect to encounter in this country for many years, has stood between her workers and destitution, and possibly has prevented serious upheavals. In this country fruitful experiments have been made with unemployment insurance in separate industries by agreements between unions and employers, which are to be commended. But if within the calculable future we are to apply this remedy to all alike, governmental action must be taken. Under our federal system such legislation probably lies within the province of the several states, but the Congress may promote the movement by establishing a special commission to study it, and perhaps also by authorizing federal grants-in-aid to such states as may undertake the responsibility, thus helping them to bear whatever contribution may be apportioned to the public. The origins of the risk, the risk itself, and its evil consequences are all nation-wide in great measure, and should receive national consideration.

"Far more fundamental than relief of unemployment, however, is its prevention. While the federal government alone cannot obviate the business cycle, it can and should do something to stabilize business. The policy of the Federal Reserve Board, through its control over open-market purchase of securities and over re-discount rates already exercises a stabilizing influence on credit. In addition, the government as a purchaser of supplies and services, a purchaser beyond comparison the greatest in the nation, may by concentrating its demands as far as possible in periods of slack times and low prices benefit both itself and the whole people. It may thus follow the policy many times urged by economists upon private business concerns.

"There are numerous possible governmental projects, desirable in themselves, which may thus be utilized to shore up markets in danger of collapse. I have already referred to the approaching end of the building boom. It so happens that the federal government is in sore need of new buildings. In the city of Washington many of our most important activities are still housed in temporary war construction, which is a heavy fire risk and will soon disintegrate. A large public building program in the capital is fully justified. In addition, many of the post offices throughout the country are cramped for space and badly ventilated and lighted. Lack of modern standardization in post office building and equipment is the chief obstacle to the installation of a scientific efficiency rating system for postal employes. I therefore recommend a national post office building program with a single appropriation under the experts of the department—not with appropriations for the several localities favored by individual Congressmen. This, I well recognize, would involve a fundamental change in the habits of Congress, but it is a change demanded by the public good, and one which will redound to party advantage since it is part of a comprehensive effort to avoid or mitigate depression.

"I also call the attention of states and municipalities to the possibility of furnishing public credit for the construction of good cheap housing, sorely needed by the lower income groups, but not provided by private enterprise because there is no profit in it.

"Another large development is possible which may be of incalculable benefit to the people for many generations. A rapidly improving technique in the electric power industry makes possible the carriage of electric energy for long distances over high-voltage transmission lines, the linking of separate systems together in great power pools which facilitate a 'balanced load,' thus producing large economies, and the generation of electricity in quantities near the source of power—whether coal mine or falling stream. Privately owned utility companies are rapidly exploiting this possibility and are profiting from it. Private enterprise alone, however, will not bring to the public the advantage it should derive from this basic development. For instance, plants which should be built and facilities which should be installed in order to round out a truly economical giant power system may be so costly, and may bring so little return until a market for the current is found, that private interests will not undertake them, but will instead engage in less efficient or desirable operations. Here is a golden opportunity for governmental enterprise to finance construction which will be a true economy. In addition, there is the problem of control of rates, which is partly a state problem and partly an interstate one. In so far as federal coöperation with the states, either through an interstate treaty or otherwise, may help in safeguarding the public interest here, it should be exercised. We need a Federal Giant Power Commission to investigate the whole matter and recommend the necessary action. In the meantime I would caution Congress not to give away national rights on national property in already existing facilities—such as those at Muscle Shoals.

"Unfortunately it is not possible for the government to bring about adequate increases in wages, and hence in purchasing power, throughout the whole nation. But it can begin at home, by granting fair pay to its own employes. While I have been publicly rejoicing that wages of factory workers have gained on the cost of living, I have not hitherto mentioned the fact that salaries of most federal employes have not been raised as much as the cost of living since 1914, and no federal employe has benefited as much as those in private industry. Equitable adjustments should immedi-

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ately be made. While we are on this subject, let me recommend more generous pension legislation, and the adoption of the praiseworthy measure urged by the arsenal and navy yard workers which would make national productivity one of the main considerations in fixing their basic wage scales.

"Legislation establishing control of the bituminous coal industry, going perhaps somewhat further than that recommended by the Coal Commission, would tend to check its overdevelopment, and thus reduce unemployment and aid the union in establishing higher wages. Control of the anthracite industry, with standardized accounting practice and publicity of accounts, would assist the establishment of higher wages there without higher prices to the public. Any help which it is within the power of Congress to offer to the growth of legitimate unionism will perhaps be more effective than anything else in enabling real wages to keep pace with production. Unfortunately, however, the possibility of aid seems to be small under present circumstances. For my part, I pledge my assistance in restraining the department of Justice from abusing the injunction in labor disputes as it did during the railroad shopmen's strike of 1922, and I will take pains to appoint federal judges who understand industrial relations.

"Purchasing power may be increased not only by higher wages but by lower prices. Here the government may help in several directions. Material reduction of the tariff, where that will not seriously injure large established industries or where the present duties have not brought them prosperity, would remove the double burden of an indirect tax, paid with every purchase, from millions of our citizens. Many of these have incomes so small that they do not pay income taxes, and can secure no relief from a reduction of income levies. I recommend abolition of sales and nuisance taxes on widely used articles as a means to lower prices. Let me also call your attention to the fact that the government saves in its own purchases sometimes as much as 600 percent under the usual retail price of the articles in question, by the work of the Bureau of Standards. This Bureau sets up scientific standards and specifications for articles required. It then tests the commodities offered for sale to see whether they comply with the specifications. In this way the whole process is put on a simple and systematic basis which results in enormous savings. If the public could use the same methods, its purchasing power would be much increased and the quality of the goods it bought much improved. The results of tests of specific commercial articles now made by the Bureau are not accessible to the public. I recommend that they be made so. You will find advertising agencies and manufacturers of inferior products opposed to this measure—but never mind.

"It is evident that most of the proposals I have made will cost the government something. I believe in economy. But economy differs from penury. Governmental expenditures are to be weighed in the light of their return to the nation. Every one of these undertakings will be productive. They constitute spending only in the sense in which the planting of seed corn in the spring is spending.

"Of course if a people were very poor, penury might be a hard—though an inefficient—necessity. But that is not our situation. We have great riches and, today, are enjoying prosperity. The problem of economy is so to utilize our surplus that tomorrow we shall be richer, not poorer.

"In order to take advantage of our present prosperity, and to tap the private surplus for the public good, I therefore recommend that income taxes be not reduced, and especially that surtaxes be not reduced. In addition to the expenditures hitherto outlined, we should retire the national debt as rapidly as we may, so that it may not prove a burden on future years, when perhaps our means of paying it will not be so abundant. I am confident that those who have money to pay in income and surtaxes would find no use for it of greater advantage to the nation—either in spending it for luxuries or in investing it where profits seem to be greatest—than the nation itself can find for it in measures such as those previously outlined.

"I apologize to the Congress because even in this space I have been unable to develop fully any of the topics mentioned, or even to touch upon numerous other tasks which the government should undertake. But such has been the inertia of the government during recent years, that its proper work has piled mountain high. Let me urge upon you that the rapidly failing prestige of government in the United States—a tendency whose danger it is difficult to over-estimate—is due, not to its doing too much altogether, but to its doing far too little of the work which only government can do, and too much of the work which must of necessity be left to the individual conscience."

Training for War

IF there is gain from the World War in any way comparable with the loss it is in the sense, common to all the combatants, that war itself is insensate and wicked, a practice fatal to civilization, a blight upon patriotism and nationalism, a crime which should be visited upon the makers of it with the ban of outlawry. A corollary to this truth is the proposition that preparation for war is not a preventive but a powerful incitement to hostility. So far as Europe is concerned this feeling instead of dying down with the passage of time has grown stronger. Even the Treaty of Versailles, which in its treacherous and unjust provisions contained so many causes of war, is being accepted in the spirit which puts peace above justice. Diplomacy instead of recognizing war as a last resort is for the first time honestly devoted to

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avoiding it; and to bringing about a condition in which security can be had without armament. It should be a shock to American public opinion that in this country, along with the formal endorsement of these results, and with much eloquent denunciation of war in the abstract, there is being developed an organization to fix the habit of war on the younger generation, to give them the training and the mind of the soldier.

The anomalous position in which the United States finds itself is due to the National Defense Atc of 1916, brought by amendment to its present efficiency in 1920. The National League of Women Voters has published a summary of this act, and a series of questions and answers for its better understanding. The act deals in due course with the regular army, the navy and marine corps, with the national guard, the organized reserves, citizens' military training camps, and students at civil institutions under military instruction by army officers. It may be noted that the country has been divided into military districts, and that the militia has been placed under the regulation and discipline of the War department, and is paid from its appropriations. The most alarming features of the act as tending toward the militarization of the people are the last two provisions, for the citizens' training camps (C. M. T. C.) and the reserve officers training corps (R. O. T. C.). These matters are also dealt with in a pamphlet on Military Training in Schools and Colleges of the United States by Mr. Winthrop D. Lane and published by a Committee of fifty including Jane Addams, W. E. Borah, John Dewey, Carrie Chapman Catt, with headquarters in the Bible House, New York City.

Under the National Defense Act the War department is authorized to establish and maintain a Reserve Officers Training Corps in civil educational institutions. The institutions have been invited to accept the offer of the War department to send a corps of instructors to give courses in various branches of the service, occupying from 90 hours in the first year to 160 in the fourth. According to Mr. Lane's figures this training is now compulsory in 83 colleges and elective in 48. Usually where it is compulsory a misunderstanding exists to the effect that this feature is mandatory under the National Defense Act. Nothing of the sort. Even in those colleges which received grants of public lands on condition that military training should be a part of the curriculum the requirement of such training courses is entirely within the jurisdiction of the institution itself, or of the state legislature. Naturally there is pressure on the part of the War department upon the institution to take this action in order that a military establishment of some size and distinction may be maintained. Thus at the State University of Ohio 20 officers, and at the University of Illinois 22 officers are assigned to give instruction. Not only colleges but high schools are drawn into the system. Altogether in 1924-25 military training was given in more than 226 educational institutions; 768 officers and 1064 enlisted men were assigned from the regular army to this duty; the number of students enrolled was 125,504, and the cost was $3,818,020. The total appropriation including military training camps is $5,900,000.

From these figures it can be seen what importance the War department attaches to this function. More direct evidence is not lacking. Speaking of the growth in attendance at military camps from 10,681 in 1922 to 34,000 in 1924 General Pershing remarked complacently: "The time is not far distant when instead of training 35,000 young men we will be training 100,000 each year." At a conference held in 1922, attended by boys' club leaders, teachers and athletic directors, the General evinced a "fervent hope" that there might be devised "plans and policies which could be applied to our public schools everywhere." As an alternative to universal military service he declared it "essential that training which leads up to and so far as possible includes preparation for military service should be popularized by all available methods." This popularization of military training among students is facilitated by the fact that recruits in the Training Corps are compensated. In the junior division they are given uniforms and overcoats, which the Colorado Agricultural College reminds them are "suitable for wear with civilian clothing." In the advanced course they are given "commutation of subsistence" amounting to $93.60 a year. That the department feels the necessity of caution in this selling campaign is shown by its words to American Fathers and Mothers in the preface to the Junior R. O. T. C. Manual. "The purpose of this book is not to make soldiers out of your boys, but to develop them physically, morally and mentally into the best type of citizens, capable of defending our flag should an emergency arise." How different is the inside view revealed by the instructions to Army Officers in Infantry Drill Regulations for 1925 for use with the R. O. T. C. Manual. "Always remember that the men are the material being trained and moulded *for the work of battle.* [Italics ours.] It is necessary that a drill instructor look and act at all times on the drill field and elsewhere like a trained soldier, if he is to create in the minds of his men a desire to be like him. They are being trained to be soldiers, and the model should be actually before them." Nothing more need be said as to the disreputable nature of the whole proceeding so far as the War department is concerned. In "popularizing" military training it is selling war.

It is natural that the military mind should take its duties under the Defense Act seriously and devoutly. There are professional standards to maintain. Moreover, it may be conjectured that the War establishment, fearing a gradual reduction and atrophy of its functions, should be interested

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in developing a field of activity for officers for whom it would otherwise be difficult to find even routine employment. The really distressing thing is to find the educational authorities of the country so ready to be caught with the chaff of War department propaganda. A few years ago when the National Education Association associated with itself the American Legion in the teaching of patriotism it was thought to be a momentary aberration. When last year Education Week under the guidance of Commissioner Tigert was directed to warlike activities it was regarded as a new outbreak of silliness in a quarter where it was not unexpected. But what shall we say of college officers gravely selling the R. O. T. C. along with their own wares? Nothing could be so subversive of the true aim of education, that of teaching students to think for themselves, as the inculcation of the military mind. Yet in institutions jealous for the freedom of thought, a part of the curriculum is turned over to exponents of military discipline to be under their sole direction, exempt from faculty control, outside the academic comity. Many institutions have made such discipline compulsory. Where it is voluntary it is recommended and urged. Colleges emphasize the pecuniary feature among student opportunities of self-help. Where the students are inspired to criticism, which they should be encouraged to apply generally to their courses, the college authorities feel patriotically justified in the resort to repression.

The most hopeful phase of the situation is that students in all parts of the country are being moved to protest, some by the spirit of the conscientious objector to war, some by the spirit of freedom of thought, some by a sense of humor aroused by the incongruity of the proceedings of the R. O. T. C. in an institution of learning. Mr. Lane cites the case of Pennsylvania State College where the secretary of the local Y. M. C. A. invited speakers on both sides to address the forum on the case of a student who had been required to withdraw because of refusal to take military training. The president of the institution requested the secretary to make no further reference to the case in speech or print whereupon the secretary resigned "to sustain the principle of the right of the Y. M. C. A. to seek Christian truth." If Christian truth has any application to life it would seem to be in regard to war. At Boston University last year the humorous student publication, the Beanpot, gaily devoted an issue to the R. O. T. C. The editor was removed from office, and the issue was suppressed. The recent effort of students of the College of the City of New York to have the compulsory feature of the R. O. T. C. removed has been noted in these columns. After the student body had expressed its opinion against compulsion by a vote of 2092 to 354, President Mezes forbade further agitation of the matter by the student paper—The Campus. We remember seeing in The Campus an excellent review of the Manual of Military Training, Volume I, by Colonel Jas. A. Moss, U. S. A., and Major John W. Lang, U. S. A., from which the following choice extracts were cited:

> The object of all military training is to win battles. . . . The principles of sportsmanship and consideration for your opponent have no place in the practical application of this work. . . . To finish an opponent who hangs on, or attempts to pull you to the ground, always try to break his hold by driving the knee to his crotch and gouging his eyes with your thumbs. . . . Bayonet fighting is possible only because red-blooded men naturally possess the fighting instinct. This inherent desire to fight and kill must be carefully watched for and encouraged by the instructor.

President Mezes is quoted as saying that at the City College military training is regarded not as a requirement but as an opportunity. It can hardly be wondered at that he does not care to have the opportunity further specified.

The students of the City College, on the ground indicated by President Mezes that they are too immature to have a valid opinion on this subject, have submitted the question to their parents. An admirable strategic move. The discussion should be carried into every home in the land where there are children to be educated, and into the churches, clubs and forums which have an interest in peace. We purposely refrain from quoting many statements reported as made by R. O. T. C. instructors tending to arouse hostility to other nations. The War department is not officially responsible for such utterances and would promptly disavow them. Nevertheless you cannot sell war without an enemy; and you cannot sell enmity without hate. In an era in which democratic control over the processes of peace and war is bound to become constantly greater there is no phase of popular education so important to right citizenship as education in peace, international confidence and good will. The next Congress has no more pressing duty than that of considering whether the National Defense Act is conducive to this end.

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Mr. Baldwin's First Year of Office

I

IN his speech at the Guildhall last week, Mr. Baldwin surveyed the first year of his ministry with considerable complacency. In the settlement of Locarno, there was a great triumph to record in foreign affairs; things were on the mend in India; it was possible to descry a definite, if small, improvement in trade. No ministry, he thought, can accomplish much in a year; and the team he commanded had at least the unity of spirit from which great things may be hoped.

II

No one can doubt that Locarno is a real success. It has definitely put a term to the war-atmosphere; and the resounding ovation which greeted the German Ambassador at the Guildhall Banquet may be taken as the starting-point of a new temper in European diplomacy. But we must not credit Mr. Chamberlain with too much. Against his success at Locarno must be put his abysmal failure at Geneva. Against his attitude to Germany must be put his elaborate offensiveness to Russia. He has done nothing to ease the situation in China. His careful aloofness in the Riffi war has deprived the native tribes even of access to necessary medical supplies. He has made one great gesture by learning from the methods of Mr. MacDonald. We must wait to see what fruits he has the skill to gather from the seeds he has sown. We must, above all, be certain that his cultivation of Germany is not a move toward that bloc of the Christian West against the Soviet East, of which Mr. Ormsby-Gore, the under-secretary for the Colonies, spoke so ardently a few days ago.

It is difficult to know from what Mr. Baldwin drew his satisfaction about India. He has appointed a new Viceroy who has considerable private charm, but no startling public merit. The new speaker of the Indian legislature has adopted the attitude of neutrality in his functions which his office demands. But the twelve months' secretaryship of Lord Birkenhead has been completely barren so far as new ideas are concerned; and the Swaraj party has announced that unless the government moves toward further autonomy, obstructionist tactics will be resumed. No one can claim for the Labor government that it showed any real imagination about India. But certainly it was not, like Mr. Baldwin, optimistic on such tenuous grounds.

In domestic affairs there are gains and losses to record. There is certainly a small, but real, revival in trade, though it is difficult to see how Mr. Baldwin can claim credit for it. There is gain, too, in the presence of a Widows' Pension Act upon the Statute-Book; though the pensions to be paid will not persuade emigrant English widows to return to this country. One or two useful committees of enquiry have been appointed, most notably a strong one to review the methods of social insurance. An attempt is ready in draft to reform the poor law along the lines of the famous Webb report of 1909. An effort on the part of Tory reactionaries to destroy the political machinery of the trade-unions has been definitely postponed by Mr. Baldwin's own notable and even inspiriting intervention. And, so far at least, we have no evidence that he takes seriously the quite foolish talk about strengthening the powers of the second chamber.

All this is so much gain. What is to be said on the other side? First and foremost, Mr. Baldwin has sanctioned the prosecution of the Communist party at the instance of quite the most stupid Home Secretary of modern times. I shall deal in another article with the character of that prosecution and its results. Here I shall only note that its folly is its promotion of a movement that had, at most, a few hundred supporters into one that attracts more interest than any other at the present time. Simultaneously, the withdrawal of the prosecution against four young blackguards who attacked a van belonging to the Daily Herald suggests a black eye to violence in the name of reaction which is disturbing. It is difficult, also, to condone the appointment of a commission to enquire into the mines which, despite the eminent names it contains, can hardly avoid the suspicion that it is "packed" against the possibility of a report in favor of nationalization. The policy, moreover, of a stringent tightening-up of unemployment relief has driven thousands of men to the Boards of Guardians; and the Minister of Health, quite contrary to the whole spirit of English local government, is taking advantage of their grim necessities to force them to reduce the scales of assistance below the point which their local knowledge adjudges desirable. Not a single step forward has been taken in education, though Lord Eustace Percy is eloquent two or three times a week. There is still no sign of an agricultural policy. We have increased naval expenditure, and a speech from Mr. Bridgeman, the First Lord, in which he avers that to criticize the navy for extravagance is to come under the Incitement to Mutiny Act. The War office has just abandoned that system of cost accounting which was Sir Charles Harris's great achievement; which was, moreover, recently approved as fundamental by a powerful committee under Sir Herbert Lawrence, a banker as well as a great soldier. And, learning nothing from French disasters in Syria, Mr. Amery has recently announced that the cabinet is prepared to

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accept the Mesopotamian mandate for a further twenty-five years.

I belong to that section of the Labor party which —foreign affairs apart—was woefully disappointed with the record it had to show in office. But it was better than this; and at least it could claim that it was unable to drive its own policy to the Statute-Book. Mr. Baldwin has the largest majority any party has had in twenty years. It is, broadly speaking, a majority he can use as he pleases. But there is no sign of any kind that he realizes the needs of the time.

Disraeli once said that the Conservative party is, historically, the stupid party. At least in Disraeli's day it realized the impact of social need. No one who reads Mr. Baldwin's speeches can, I think, deny that he is profoundly moved by the spectacle of social injustice and anxious for its remedy. He makes speeches of quite admirable spirit to this end; but he does not act. He cannot act, if the money by which alone social injustice is to be remedied is to go to the navy and the air-force, to Mesopotamia and the supertax payer. He asks for a new coöperation in industry. But the way thereto lies through a living wage in industry. Even the chairman of the Federation of British Industries comes back from America convinced of the economy of high wages; but if one reads the parliamentary debates all but a handful of Tories—most of them young men—seem to have no other thesis to urge except the need for reductions in wages. That there is need for a new spirit in industrial management Mr. Baldwin constantly preaches; but he does not take a single step to get that new spirit. And his tightening of unemployment relief convinces every unemployed man and woman that he does not mean what he says. The true Toryism, said a miner to me recently, is in the Morning Post; and to the Morning Post every trade-unionist who is not opposed to his union is a traitor to English industry.

One sees something, I believe, of what is amiss in the present position by attending a session or two of the Coal Commission. Sir Herbert Samuel is as able a chairman as one could wish to find—quick, courteous, incisive, and supremely intelligent. Sir William Beveridge is as fine a master of the art of cross-examination as I have ever seen on a Royal Commission. If attention to the economic aspect of the problem could solve it, it would, for sheer ability in getting at the facts, have been solved already. But, with all the good will possible, I do not feel that the Commission realizes that its issue is at least as much moral as it is economic. One feels that as one watches the antagonism of miner and mine-owner over each minute point that arises. One grasps it even more clearly in listening to the entire inability of a great technical expert like Sir Richard Redmayne to understand why the miner seeks nationalization as a solution. And one detects, I think, a certain impatience in the Commission itself when the issue is moved from purely economic considerations. The Sankey Commission had great defects; but its chairman grasped early and never lost sight of, the root fact that there is a reserve of moral energy in the miners which the present system of ownership can never bring into play.

That is, I think, the price we shall pay for the exclusion of labor from the Commission. Even if it were desired to exclude direct partisan nominees, there were men like Professor Henry Clay, who know the mind of labor, and could put it forcibly in a report. It is a bad precedent that an enquiry into a problem where the attitude of the worker is half the problem should exclude from the making of the report men who can speak for labor. It means that the report, if it excludes the idea of nationalization, will convince the politically-minded working class that they cannot get from the independent man a sympathetic understanding of their case; and that will undo, at a stroke, whatever confidence Mr. Baldwin can win for the belief that he is really trying to move his party to the adoption of a more creative attitude.

I have no share in the belief that the industrial position of this country has been in any serious way undermined. But I do know, from countless meeting and talks, from week-end schools, and workers' educational classes, that there is a new spirit abroad among the trade-unions and that any government, whatever its complexion, must strive to meet the demands of that spirit. It is difficult to believe, on the evidence of the last twelve months, that Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues have measured in any effective way that spirit. Their one really bold step was their determination to attack the Communists. But communism is not a cause; it is a symptom. It attracts labor support only where labor is desperate and dejected. The real answer to it is to remove the grievances upon which it feeds. It is because the first year of office shows how little this is understood that the critical observer has a feeling of deep pessimism about the future.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

Aids To a Painter Doing a Posthumous Portrait

This was the brow: a dog retrieving
Rocket-heads that glare no more,
Through field and bog a white hound weaving,
Sniffing at shards of meteor.

Permit the eye to show a hare
Alertly poised in brittle grass.
His speech was vagrant but could wear
The vestments of unholy mass.

He sat and mused on coats of mail
That staunch crusaders could not dull.
His purpose was a tangled sail,
His mouth a coasting gull.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

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The Preparedness Program of the War Department

THE War department is engaged at the present time in the gigantic task of parceling out contracts and granting concessions to the prospective purveyors of the greatest nation for the next war. The country is being districted and contracts are being made to furnish the seven supply branches of the army. The negotiations are being conducted in secret. No outsider can say how many signed contracts are filed in the vaults of the War department at Washington. In general, the plan is for the War department to make a contract with the manufacturer of war supplies, assuring him capacity production; the price to be determined at the time the goods are delivered on the basis of cost plus a "normal" rate of profit; the contract to be automatically operative upon the declaration of war.

Through the courtesy of Major Mars of the United States army, the writer was offered the opportunity of examining an official memorandum relating to The War Department Adjustable Price Contract (for war or other national emergency) bearing the dates of March 5, 13, and 18, 1924, and issuing from the War department at Washington. The chief stipulations of the contract are as follows: "(1) The government shall pay a contract price which shall only include a 'normal' rate of profit. (2) It is not contemplated that these proposals will necessarily be of a competitive nature. For emergency work contracts will be let almost entirely on the basis of availability and desirability of the contractor and the exigencies of the emergency. (3) The contract may be executed either during peace time or during the emergency for which required. If executed during peace time, performance is automatically suspended until further notice from the government. (4) The contractor shall not employ nor retain in his employment any person whose employment the Contracting Officer shall designate as undesirable or detrimental to the interest of the United States."

It should not be understood that these contracts relate only to "munitions" in the strict sense. The War department program is much more ambitious than that. The ultimate aim is to contract in advance for thousands of articles, either directly or indirectly useful in case of another war. Dwight Davis, Secretary of War, in discussing the War department's Industrial Mobilization Plan has said, "an army requires hundreds of thousands of items of supply, many of which are of special design not produced commercially in time of peace." (Notes on Industrial Mobilization—War dept. Pamphlet. 1923. page 1.)

It is difficult to grasp the enormity of the task. The whole proceeding bristles with temptation. Major Mars informs us that the patriotic, gratuitous offer of big business men and of the National Association of Manufacturers has been accepted and that their advice is being acted upon in the placing of contracts. This is especially significant in view of the fact that "It is not contemplated that these proposals will necessarily be of a competitive nature." The "Dollar-A-Year-Man" has been replaced by the more philanthropic emissary of Big Business. And let it be remembered that this policy is being carried out in secret without the knowledge or consent of the American people.

It does not sound convincing to argue that there will be no favoritism shown in the making of these contracts, for the reason that the contracts are so drawn as to be distinctly favorable to the government. It is indeed true that a guarantee of a "normal" rate of profit, with capacity production, might not appear very attractive to a munition maker in a booming period of prosperity. But in reality, the attractive feature from the business man's standpoint is *free insurance* against the dismal days of depression, *provided* the interests concerned can create the emergency, and secure the declaration of war, the existence of which automatically makes the contracts operative.

But what right has anyone to assume that the contract as drawn is favorable to the government? The paper guarantee of a "normal" rate of profit, may in reality develop into something quite different. On this point the following considerations are significant: Why the gratuitous offer of Big Business to bind itself by this particular form of contract? If the War department desires fully to protect the interests of the American people, why did it specifically provide in clause two of the Adjustable Price Contract Memorandum that it is not contemplated that these proposals will necessarily be of a competitive nature? Further one will examine the Memorandum in vain to find any regulation or control in the parceling out of these contracts. It is purely a matter to be determined by the whim and caprice of the officials of the War department. Is it possible to conceive of a scheme more favorable to the development of monopolistic control of the vital necessities of the nation in the next war? If this development occurs, what will happen to the paper guarantee of a "normal" rate of profit? The stage is set for an orgy of profiteering which will make that of the late War pale into insignificance. It should also be noted in passing that clause four of the Memorandum quoted above will place in the hands of these same interests an effective weapon to kill the closed union shop.

The advocates of this War department policy blandly assure us that their aim is preparedness. To argue that it is an insurance against war is absurd. It merely adds another incentive for war on the part of the vested interests concerned. In case of a serious and long-extended industrial depression, consider the tremendous pressure that will be brought to bear upon Congress by the business interests for a declaration of war. To the holder of

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one of these contracts, the declaration of war will be a godsend; the spectre of impending bankruptcy will vanish and the contractor will flourish because capacity production and a normal rate of profit are guaranteed. The "declaration" is the magic talisman. It matters not whether the enemy is large or small, far or near. The pretext for the declaration, i. e., the insult to national honor, can be furnished!

There is one further fact that aggravates the situation. There is no specific legal authority for this program of the War department. It has never been specifically sanctioned by Congress. The National Defense Act of June 3, 1916, as amended June 4, 1920, provides in Sec. 5 (a) that "the Assistant Secretary of War, under the direction of the Secretary of War, shall be charged with supervision of the procurement of all military supplies and other business of the War department pertaining thereto and the assurance of adequate provision for the mobilization of material and industrial organization essential to war-time needs." This act confers upon the Assistant Secretary of War the duties of business manager of the army. But it is beyond the realm of fair interpretation to assert that this provision of the statute confers upon the Assistant Secretary of War an unlimited discretion as to the choice of means that he may use in the procuring of military supplies. It is one thing to make a survey of the future needs of the army and of the sources from which these needs may be supplied. It is quite a different thing for the War department to attempt to bind the government by contracts made in advance. Congress has delegated no power to the War department to make contracts with prospective purveyors of war supplies assuring them capacity production at a price to be determined after hostilities have commenced and under conditions where no competitive influence prevails. The War department is obviously operating on the theory that, whether legal or not, the materials stipulated for in the contracts will be accepted by the government *if* war is declared. If that contingency arises, the War department has confidence that Congress will pass the validating legislation.

In this connection it is interesting to note that some of the same representatives of the War department and of Big Business who favor this so-called preparedness plan are also supporting the proposal of the Christian Science Monitor for a constitutional amendment providing for the conscription of wealth in the next war. (See Christian Science Monitor, July 9, 1924.) They realize that there is a possibility that such an amendment may be adopted, especially in view of the fact that both of the great parties in their 1924 platforms pledged themselves to a similar proposal. In the face of a favorable public opinion toward the conscription of wealth in war-time, industrial leaders are virtually forced to do lip-service for such an amendment. To act otherwise would be a disclosure of their personal interest in war.

Suppose the amendment conscripting wealth is incorporated into the Constitution of the United States. Such an amendment will not be self-executing. Congress alone can give it vitality by the passing of appropriate legislation. What effect will the War department preparedness plan have on the Congress of the United States when it considers the enactment of legislation to carry out the policy of the amendment? The phrase "conscription of wealth" is ambiguous. To what extent is it intended that the power of conscription be exercised? Is the phrase synonymous with confiscation? The business interests who have bound themselves by War department contracts are going to have a good case when they plead in Congress that they should be protected by the guarantee of a "normal" rate of profit. They are going to argue that "conscription of wealth" should be interpreted as a mere conscription of *excess* profit. When that plea is made, the fact that the War department had no specific legal authority when it made the contract will not be germane. Big Business will not rely on legal technicalities. It will be a matter of honor. And if, as a matter of fact, the price agreed upon is far in excess of any reasonable standard of a "normal" rate of profit, so much the better for Big Business. Thus the so-called preparedness plan of our War department not only affords *free depression insurance* but also some of our hard-headed American business men are beginning to realize that it will be an admirable weapon to forestall and emasculate the possibility of a real conscription of wealth in case of another war.

FORREST REVERE BLACK.

Mrs. Hannah More

HANNAH MORE was the godmother of a great-aunt. Her picture is before me as I write, I sit upon one of her chairs, the sloping grass outside is said to be imitated from her garden, and once I had a real mitten she knitted, but gave it away. The name of the picture is "Mrs. Hannah More and favorite squirrel." They, too, are seated—the old lady at a Chippendale table, the squirrel upon it. They face one another, they bend their necks with identical gesture, and the calm light of a hundred years ago flows in through square panes of glass upon the letter and the nut that they are opening. It must be Barley Wood, for she is very old—Barley Wood where she hoped to die, but her servants mishandled and betrayed her. "I am driven, like Eve, out of Paradise," she said, "but, unlike Eve, not by angels." It was Zachary Macaulay who rescued her, having discovered licentiousness in the kitchen, in which even Louisa was involved. Who was Louisa? A trusted orphan. Who on earth was Zachary Macaulay? Mr. R. G. Trevelyan's great-great-grandfather. Yes, here is the Hannah More of our tradition, fragile and philanthropic. The earlier Hannah,

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who quipped it with Garrick and scribbled it with Walpole—she is less to our taste, she smacks too much of Louisa.

Yet earlier and later were connected. Had it not been for Percy, a five-act tragedy in blank verse, I do not think she could have sat on that chair so calmly. She had received a certain amount of money from a gentleman who failed to marry her, but it was on the broader and more substantial basis of Percy that her fortunes really rested. It held the stage for years. Poetry assisted it; when Mrs. Montagu read The Bleeding Rock she exclaimed: "Your 'Rock' will stand unimpaired by ages." Nor was she wholly wrong. And when secular royalties decreased, Hannah turned to other themes, cautiously descending the social ladder in the process, but never losing touch with the booksellers. The success of Parley the Porter and other tracts was enormous. Charles the Footman was translated into Russian; Moses in the Bulrushes into Cingalese. Two Persian noblemen called at Barley Wood and carried away a volume of Practical Piety for the use of the Shah, while of her full-length novel, Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, thirty thousand copies were sold in America alone. Her income was assured, and she and her sisters, having begun as Bristol governesses, were able to move into the country and practice philanthropy upon a commanding scale.

There were five of them—Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Betty, Mrs. Sally, Mrs. Hannah, Mrs. Patty—and though I have often encountered them in old letters and read praises of their gaiety and goodness, they have never seemed to me the least alive. Three sisters one can visualize, but who can get any conception of five—of old-maidism triumphant and militant, raised from the domestic to the conventual? (Had Selina Mills kept faith, there would have been six.) Five, all attaining the age of seventy, all lively, hospitable, and jabbering, all suppressing the Slave Trade and elevating the poor. Mrs. Hannah, thanks to her London flutter, was the best known, but shrewd observers thought Mrs. Patty the more formidable, and a letter of hers, which I will presently quote, confirms them. But oh, the schools and the hostile farmers! Oh, the hostile curates and the appeals to the Bishop of Bath and Wells! Lachrymose epistles, stilted diaries ("Lord, look upon Cheddar, suffer not the work begun there to fail," etc.). Abundance of strawberries and cream in the house. What can it have been like? It only becomes real to me in this little picture, painted when the sands were running out. Here something faint and delicate emerges, the books rise to the ceiling, but the trees stir in the garden. The lovely provincialism of England takes shape, detaches itself from our suburbanism, smiles, says, "I like my books, I like my garden, I like elevating the lower orders," and manages not to be absurd. Presently the old mistress will ring a bell, Louisa will fail to answer it, there will be horror, disiliusionment, flight, the Industrial Revolution, Tolstoy, Walt Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. But the glass is unshattered for the moment, and though all it mirrors is temporary, yet there exist in its depths gleams independent of fashion or creed.

Surely she had charm, and her sisters some share in it also. Otherwise how explain the power they exercised from the depths of Somersetshire? And perhaps there is some truth in our family tradition which declares that Hannah's letters were altered by her editor, William Roberts, after her death, and that posterity will consequently never know the nature of her attraction.

> She calls Sir Thomas Acland in one of her notes to me (writes her god-daughter) "the recreant Knight of Devonshire," which Roberts, thinking uncivil, I suppose, has altered into "the excellent and estimable Sir T. Acland," two words that playful woman never used in her life. Somewhere else she began to me, "When I think of you I am gladerer and gladerer," which he, thinking bad English, has done into "I am very glad." Now if such an oaf as that will write a book, at least he should be honest.

It is on the labors of the oaf that subsequent editors depend. Mr. Brimley Johnson, though he has done his selecting well,* cannot hope to present a very arresting figure.

Her piety, unlike her charm, can be documented. It centred round Sunday. The Protestant time-complex (so much more tenacious than the Catholic complex of place) had her in its grip. Recurring as it does once in every seven days, Sunday ended by making an enormous impression on her, and drove her into some strange corners.

> Going to the opera, like getting drunk, is a sin that carries its own punishment with it, and that a very severe one (she writes in her youth). Thank my dear Doctor Stonehouse for his kind and seasonable admonition on my last Sunday's engagement at Mrs. Montagu's. Conscience had done its office before; nay, was busy at the time; and if it did not dash the cup of pleasure to the ground, infused at least a tincture of wormwood into it. I *did* think of the alarming call: "What doest thou here, Elijah?" and I thought of it tonight at the opera.
>
> *Sunday night.*
>
> Perhaps you will say I ought to have thought of it again today, when I tell you I have dined abroad; but it is a day I reflect on without those uneasy sensations one has when one is conscious it has been spent in trifling company. I have been at Mrs. Boscawen's.

In her later life she wished to dine out less, became intimate with the Clapham Sect, and ended by thinking nearly everything sinful: "The word Trinity, you know, means three. I once lived in a

* The Letters of Hannah More. Selected, with an Introduction, by R. Brimley Johnson. (London, Lane. 7s. 6d.)

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street called Trinity Street. I do think it very wrong to give such sacred names to common things." And "He who is taught arithmetic on a Sunday when a boy, will, when a man, open his shop on a Sunday." For my own part I prefer her like this. She gained nothing by being broadminded, and what is the point of just being able to tolerate Gibbon? She is more herself in the country, shocked and busy, and surrounded by her sisters.

As to her work, it was good, if education is good. She taught the poor to read and wash themselves, observe Sunday, and honor the King, and before her day no one had taught them anything. They had taught themselves. Her desire to meddle in their affairs was mixed with genuine pity and affection, and in some ways she came nearer to village life than do those who approach it with respect. Unless her pupils were farmers' sons she did not allow them to write, and she was horrified at the suggestion they should acquire history or science, while the suggestion that she had anything to learn from them would have evoked the French Revolution in her mind. Nevertheless, "if I know a little of anything in this world it is about the poor." She shared their sentimentality, and that love of anniversaries and funerals which supplies the absence of art, and though she checked the vice which was their chief solace, she was not wild or stupid about it; she could even accept help from "a woman of loose morals but good natural sense, who became our friend sooner than some of the decent and the formal." If the destruction of instinct and the creation of an interest in the outside world are good things, then her work must be praised, for she effected the beginnings of both. Around her house for a radius of many miles the faint glimmer of education spread—samplers and alphabets, the sparks of our present conflagration. The farmers, wiser than she, foresaw that in time it would be impossible to find a "boy to plough or a lass to dress a shoulder of mutton," and that the evil old days might come back when the monks had preached Christianity from the top of Glastonbury Tor.

The funeral of Mrs. Baber, not in itself a historical landmark, may help us to realize the sisters' outlook. Mrs. Baber died in August, 1795. She was one of the teachers whom they engaged to help them in their schools. Mrs. Baber did her duty for many years, then she died, and rather fortúnately Hannah was away at the time. Patty takes up the pen, and produces one of the great masterpieces of macabre literature. The lid has been removed and she lets herself boil over. "I took my letter yesterday to finish it at Cheddar, but alas! heavy grief and agitation render it almost impossible for me to write another word." It is a promising beginning: no short letter ever started with such a phrase. Images pour from her at once—the black dresses, the little handkerchiefs through which the tears drip on to the earth.

> When the procession moved off, Mr. Boak, who was so good as to come to the very house, preceded the corpse, with his hatband and gown on, which, as being unusual, added somewhat to the scene; then the body; then her sister and myself as chief mourners: a presumptuous title amidst such a weeping multitude; then the gentry, two and two; next her children, near two hundred: then all the parish in the same order: and, though the stones were rugged you did not hear one single footstep.
>
> When we came to the outer gate of the churchyard, where all the people used to pay their duty to her by bows and courtesies, we were obliged to wait for Mr. Boak to go in and get his surplice on, to receive the corpse with the usual texts. This was almost too much for every creature, and Mr. Boak's voice was nearly lost; when he came to "I know that my Redeemer liveth," he could scarcely utter it; but to feel it was a better thing. On our entrance into the church, the little remaining sight we had left discovered to us that it was almost full. How we were to be disposed of I could not tell. I took my old seat with the children, and close to her place. Mr. Boak gave us a discourse of thirty-five minutes, entirely upon the subject. They feared at one time Mr. Gilling must have been taken out. If you could for a moment doubt my account, I would add that the undertaker from Bristol wept like a child, and confessed that, without emolument, it was worth going a hundred miles to see such a sight.

It is certainly worth going back over a hundred years, and nothing in Hannah's own letters impresses me as much. Patty goes on from height to height:

> I forgot to mention, the children sobbed a suitable hymn over the grave. I said a great deal to them afterwards, and wrung their little hearts; for I knew but too well that the world and young blood would make an excellent sponge to wipe out, full soon, the awful lessons of that day; as we have not that exalted opinion of the dignity of human nature that some gentlemen and ladies have. I promised to go next Sunday to open the school if I am able. I think I shall go on horseback.

Then back again to her prey. She had longed to cry out and speak, "but I recollected that I had heard somewhere a woman must not speak in the church. Oh, had she been interred in the churchyard, a messenger from Mr. Pitt should not have restrained me." And then silence. We hear no more of Mrs. Baber, and not much of the emotions that must for years have racked and sustained the sisterhood. No wonder they were suspected of "enthusiasm." The line that divided them from Johanna Southcote or Elspeth Buchan was not too clearly drawn.

Let us take one more peep at them, then lower for ever those venetian blinds. They are all together now, and with them is a younger virgin, Miss Selina Mills. Zachary Macaulay arrives to say goodbye: he is off to free some slaves in Sierra Leone. He wants to see the five Miss Mores, but

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he does want to see Miss Mills also. Hannah thinks this last wish undesirable, for Patty is passionately devoted to Miss Mills, and the harmony and usefulness of the house must not be disturbed. She makes excuses for the girl's absence, and when he inquires if his affection is returned, she says "No," telling a lie. But as he went downstairs he heard sobs from a secluded room, dashed in, and his Selina fell into his arms. There was a terrible scene, in the course of which the young missionary expressed his surprise "that those women who possessed the greatest share of intrinsic worth did not seem to possess that degree of estimation in the eyes of men which they merited." He could have "bitten out his tongue with vexation" for making such a remark, still he managed to make it, and it was long before he and his bride were forgiven. In after years the offspring of their union, little Macaulay Tom, visited Barley Wood and recited *"all* 'Palestine' while we breakfasted." Thus did time make amends, thus do the generations touch, and old Hannah, now sisterless and very gentle, observed that—— But enough, enough. Release the squirrel, for he is also one of God's creatures. Cover up the chairs.

E. M. Forster.

Some Recent Films

It was asserted by the present critic, when The Gold Rush appeared last August, that the comedy of the moving pictures had come to be dominated by the school of Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton, the exploitation of comic tricks or gags. And I prophesied that Chaplin, with his finer comedy and his less spectacular farce, would not be able to hold his popularity against it. What has happened is precisely the reverse of what I predicted. The Gold Rush has had a great success; and, so far from playing Chaplin off the screen, Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd have taken to imitating him. What is striking in their new films is the reduction of the number of gags and the attempt to fill their place with straight drama. Lloyd and Keaton have tried to follow Chaplin's example by allowing their comic characters to become genuine human beings; they have gone in for wistfulness and pathos. In Lloyd's case, the effect of this attempt is not particularly happy. Lloyd has never been a very good actor; he has been a dummy for comic devices. And we are not much moved by the scene in The Freshman in which he learns at last that he has been the butt of his fellow students, instead of, as he has believed, their hero; nor when he enters the big game at the last moment and wins it with a miraculous touchdown. But Buster Keaton is an able pantomimist; his morose and sensitive face commands a certain sympathy. We are, therefore, not absolutely unresponsive to his new comedy, Go West. Here he appears as a friendless boy on a western ranch who conceives an attachment for a cow: he has taken a stone out of the cow's foot and the cow has, in turn, defended him against the onrush of an angry bull, after the manner of Androcles and the Lion. When she is finally sent off to the slaughter-house, he opens the cars and sets loose the whole herd. We see a danger, however, that, if the movie comedians continue in their present policy of pursuing tears instead of laughs, they may, not excluding Chaplin, merely succeed in becoming maudlin. Buster Keaton's dumb solemnity was perhaps more touching in his frankly comic films than in this attempt at a sentimental one.

Stella Dallas and The Tower of Lies are two long and pretentious films of very similar character and quality. They are both rather serious attempts at the realistic presentation of the tragedies of simple lives; and neither is a real success. It is apparently more difficult for the moving pictures to be convincing with themes of this kind than with almost anything else. And the only way, aside from melodrama, in which we can be held by a story of country life like The Tower of Lies, is by being made to believe absolutely in the reality of its people. An admixture of movie theatricality is here particularly conspicuous and particularly distasteful. None the less, it is perhaps unfair to blame all the defects of The Tower of Lies either on Victor Seastrom, who has obviously brought great intelligence and care to the direction, or on Lon Chaney, whose prodigious virtuosity cannot quite save him in a rôle in which he seems miscast. The writer has never read the novel of Selma Lagerlöf—The Emperor of Portugallia—upon which The Tower of Lies is based, but he remembers encountering elsewhere in her writings the same mixture of poetic realism with sentimental melodrama that one finds here; and he confesses to having suffered a similar malaise. Stella Dallas has, however, not even the advantage of a Selma Lagerlöf to built upon. Though it includes some respectable elements, it is essentially a trashy moving picture based on a trashy story. I found it difficult to believe in the reality of the characters, with the exception perhaps of the young girl, played by Lois Moran, and the situations seem to me impossible. Stella Dallas, for all its touches of honest observation, is essentially an elaborate piece of hokum.

An organization called the International Film Arts Guild has been founded for the purpose of reviving meritorious old films. They plan for the present to exhibit a different film every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the George M. Cohan Theatre and, if the enterprise proves successful, to take a permanent theatre and show a repertoire throughout the week. Their first picture was Deception, a German film directed by Ernst Lubitsch. This curious and rather interesting production, made soon after the War, deals with the wives of Henry the Eighth and appears to have been inspired by a strong anti-English animus. Henry the Eighth, well done by Emil Jannings, is presented as a burly beef-eating Englishman, boorish, domineering, wilful, unscrupulous, treacherous and cruel. It is a savage treatment of an historical subject of a kind unconventional for the movies and perhaps such as could only have been arrived at by the imagination of one country applied to the history of another. At one point, the atrocious Henry is seen to tear up a scrap of paper.

Edmund Wilson.

To American Flyers in Morocco

I have wished you wounded, I have wished you dead,
I have wished your blackened by a wind of flame,
But let me wish for each of you instead
That he may live to cringe at his own name.

Witter Bynner.

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Washington Notes

IN the friendliest spirit it ought to be pointed out to Jim Watson, whom nearly everybody personally likes regardless of what they personally think about him, that it is easily possible to overdo these White House visits and that he is not far now from that point.

On one thing or another in the last few weeks Jim has called so often that it has almost seemed to some that every time the door of the Executive office was left unlatched Jim fell in. Like a number of other Republican Senators who come up for re-election next year, the senior Senator from Indiana is naturally anxious to get himself into a position where the voters back home will recognize him not only as a regular Republican in good standing but as an especial prop of the administration and a real comfort to Mr. Coolidge. With the present popularity of the President showing no slightest sign of diminishing that idea appeals to every Republican candidate—save two—as an extremely sound one, to promote which they are justified in going to the outer edge.

To none is the appeal stronger than to Senator Watson, now chairman of the powerful Interstate Commerce Committee and with a record for Old Guard regularity second to none.

With Albert J. Beveridge a probable competitor in the spring primaries and the Klan support in Indiana liable to shift over night from his side to the other, Jim obviously is going to need all the help he can get next year. Plainly he proposes to play the White House game to the limit this session. His face will be seen in the Executive offices with great frequency and there will be no stronger administration Senator than he. Not the pious Butler or even Papa Stearns will publicly praise the good Calvin more luridly or loudly than Jim.

Still if I were he I would not overdo the White House visits. I am confidentially informed that Jim gets on the presidential nerves from the personal standpoint just a little more than anyone else, that when Mr. Coolidge sees him come in he sinks into his most silent mood, and that after he leaves he lapses into a gloom that lasts a long while. Sometimes it is at least a couple of hours before he is his own merry hearted, sunny self again.

Some of the most observant of the boys in the little inner circle around the White House have noted with interest the effect upon Mr. Coolidge of a Watson visitation. Their idea is that it really upsets his digestion and they account for this on the theory that the difference between the personality of the back slapping, bull throwing, verbose and voluble Jim and the cautious, timid, silent Cal is more striking than between any other two men in Washington. The utter impossibility of finding any common ground for friendly personal intercourse between the two is apparent. The thought of them together, to those who know them both is in itself amusing. It is not to Jim because the incongruities would not strike him in a hundred years. He is no more embarrassed by the unbridgeable gaps between him and the President than he would be at the difference in color between a white ward leader and a black one in Indianapolis. Jim feels as much at home with the President as he does with anyone else. It is the President who does not feel at home. For one thing those who are close enough to Mr. Coolidge to know the way his mind works say that the President feels that at bottom despite his protestations of support and the undoubted fact that he will deliver such support in the Senate this time, there is basically between Jim and himself almost as much difference politically as there is personally. Back in his head is the curious notion that at heart Jim does not really like him any more than he likes Jim and that should he slip on the political ice and lose his prestige and popularity, Jim, if he is around at that time would be among the first to cheer.

When I said a while back that there were two Republican Senators coming up for re-election in 1926 who are not concentrating their efforts upon capitalizing the Coolidge popularity in their states and appealing to be sent back in order to "uphold the hands of the President," the two I had in mind were Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin and Senator Cummins of Iowa. Both of these Senators are administration Senators. The trouble is that their states are slightly less pro-Coolidge than they are and what they need to insure the retention of their seats is not support from the admirers of the President—that they already have—but from those who do not admire him.

Strange enough there are in both these states plenty of voters in the latter class who register as Republicans. This is particularly true of Wisconsin where young Bob LaFollette, who is anti-Coolidge to the toes and saturated with anti-administration feeling to just about the same degree as his father, appears to have the state back of him just as solidly as did the old man and to be in complete control of the LaFollette machine which he has skilfully held together.

This being the case it is obvious that Lenroot to be re-elected has got to have help—and a lot of it—from the LaFollette machine. He is one Senator whom Coolidge cannot help. As a matter of fact the thing that would probably help Senator Lenroot most would be some little kicking over the administration traces in the coming session. They do not like them too meek and mealy mouthed out in Wisconsin. It would not be a very great surprise to me to see Mr. Lenroot exhibit an independence in this session of orthodox Republican doctrines noticeably lacking from his votes and speeches in the last few years. It would not be a very great shock to me to see him line up once in a while with his young colleague in a straight out and out anti-administration fight. Stranger things have happened.

The more you think over this Wisconsin situation and next year's fight out there the more understandable seems the abrupt reversal of the policy of the Senate leaders, the White House and Chairman Butler toward young Bob. At first they were all for throwing him out, branding him as a party traitor in the way they did last year with his father. Then a few days ago there came a complete shift and to the great surprise of young Bob some of the men who were most active in the caucus action last year and most insistent a few months ago that he would not be recognized, began to pat him on the back and urge him to "come along and play ball."

I do not believe they fool Bob much. He is an unusually astute young fellow and he knows politics as well as anyone in the Senate. It is likely that he will make no dramatic gestures of repulsion or defiance. On the contrary, I should think he would play along, get the best he can in the way of committee assignments and patronage, but adhere as rigidly as did his father to the LaFollette policies. This means that on practically every major proposal in Congress this session he will be lined up with the anti-administration forces. For a LaFollette to do anything else in the Senate even if he wanted would certainly be political suicide—and young Bob does not want to.

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The other Senator who is not out this time to convince everybody in his state that he not only is for everything that Mr. Coolidge wants but regards him as perhaps the wisest and strongest man of his time—Cummins of Iowa—has already begun to indicate an independence of administration guidance that is interesting and significant. Senator Cummins gives every evidence of differing sharply with the Coolidge program for agricultural relief. Apparently in response to the sentiment of his state he intends to advocate the incorporation of McNary-Haugen principles into legislation. This will bring him into sharp conflict with the Coolidge program, the Coolidge Agricultural Commission, the Coolidge Secretary of Agriculture and Mr. Hoover—but this will do him no harm politically at home. There is much discontent not to say suffering in Iowa as the result of the recent drop in corn prices and the farmers really have blood in their eyes when they talk about the failure of either Harding or Coolidge to do anything for them except extend temporary credits. They want a real fight for the McNary-Haugen principles made this time and Senator Cummins who has been criticized at home for having turned too conservative in his old age is probably going to make it for them. It means that part of the time he will be anti-administration instead of pro as he was all last year.

It is interesting to note too that Senator Cummins is urging upon his colleagues a fair deal for Smith Brookhart, in the still unsettled election contest made against him by his Democratic opponent. A fair deal from the Brookhart viewpoint means deciding the contest in his favor. Any other sort of decision would mean, it has been pointed out, that he would run against the aged Cummins in the primaries next year. It is the sort of situation calculated to bring colleagues closer together.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Two Parades

AT the moment when through the efforts of King Vidor and Laurence Stallings the War makes a spectacular bid for popularity as subject matter in the movies, Ford Maddox Ford introduces it again as the background of fiction. The Big Parade is a success; No More Parades (Albert & Charles Boni, New York) is successful in the other sense—in the mastery of its material, in the complete communication of its emotions. But interesting as each is in itself, the contrast between them is even more significant.

Begin with the titles. The Big Parade means the march of the American millions into Europe; it connotes the spectacle of war. In No More Parades the allusion is purely military; it calls to mind the formations, the standing in line, the dull and hideous duties, the unendurable littleness of Depot Brigade and Base Camp. The War therefore enters in two wholly different aspects: front line, shell holes, barrage, and murder in the American treatment; red-tape, army paper work, headquarters, emotional hell in the British. It is, of course, not entirely the nationality that determines this. The medium makes one kind of war easier to project in the movies, the other in fiction. The Big Parade is a reconstruction of past enthusiasms and hatreds; No More Parades is the spectacle of the War seen through the medium of a character. It happens that early reports of Mr. Stallings's scenario suggested that he was trying to do something similar, that his movie was to be the story of a youth of fine sensibilities caught into the quickstep of our march overseas, beaten, buffeted, outraged, and changed. Perhaps hastily it was assumed that the change would not be a pleasant one; that the hero would be degraded or coarsened or made cynical by his contacts with the army and the front. This would be a natural reaction after the almost forgotten accents of "the glory of the trenches" and "the lordliest life," and was to be expected from one of the authors of What Price Glory? But if the War was to be treated as a vast and terrible spectacle the more sentimental change in the hero would have been quite as satisfactory. What actually happened was that the character failed to develop, literally did not change at all. The rich man's son took pleasure in the comradeship of a rather too consciously droll structural iron worker and risked his life to save him; he was going to and did not kill a wounded German. But the War was not seen through his eyes, nor did we see the War as an effect on him. The love story (Mademoiselle from Armentières) unhinged the other story; the movie refused to cope with character and changes in character. What it did cope with was the spectacle of the War.

In the strictly war scenes the credit goes, no doubt, to the actual director of the film, King Vidor, but the inspiration must have been Stallings's still. The picture has thrill piled on thrill, has moments of exulting violence as it attacks our senses; but more than that it has, beautifully timed, beautifully conveyed, a certain throb which has been absent from spectacle pictures since the days of The Birth of a Nation. One moment, at least, in the final attack, has not been equalled in my knowledge of the movies. You have seen, long before, the new battalion advancing through a forest in attack formation; the scenes in the shell holes and between the lines intervene; then the barrage breaks. And in the midst of it, obliquely across the monstrous outbreak of hell, the line appears again, in a flash, like ghosts out of rotting graves. This is the best moment in the picture; the next best is a marvelously arranged mechanical effect of the barrage.

With this war Mr. Ford does not at the moment compete. His book carries Tietjens, the protagonist of Some Do Not, up the line; further volumes are promised but it does not seem likely that we shall have the spectacle war in them. Nor is it necessary, because the actual War, of which the front was the murderous and final part, is conveyed to us by the indirect method in No More Parades. No one who cares for the art of fiction can fail to relish the neatness and brilliance of this feat of composition. What makes this technical excellence of value to the uncritical reader is that it renders properly the background-subject, the War itself, while it carries on, with a rare intensity, the emotional story of the principal characters. A man who proposes to live as Christ might have lived, his wife whom he frequently thinks of as a devil, a complicated social organism, a girl whom the man intensely loves, a series of cross-purposes, thwartings, desperate endeavors, characters of nobility or, at the least, of intense emotions and powerful wills—these constitute a drama fit to be played against the War; the separate episodes may be "an impertinence while the world is foundering," but in the sum they *are* the foundering world.

And that brings us rather sharply back to the movie. There is an artistic flaw, but it is hard to isolate because it is confused with the subject itself. I contrast the movie with a novel which has nobility of conception and artistic execution of the first order, but I do not mean to suggest that the movie displeases me because Mr. Stallings chose

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to present an insignificant episode (let us be generous and say that whatever he chose, that is what the movie left visible to us). It is the lack of relation between the kind of story told and the kind of war shown, which is the real flaw. I never felt that the dugout scene in What Price Glory? was a great success; but it was, at least, the kind of war which was related to the other episodes of the play. In The Big Parade the actual war is, apart from the spectacle, the war of comrades, the war in which one is wounded and the other curses God and attempts a rescue, and has his buddy die in his arms. If it were only spectacle one could do with nonsense of heroism and congressional medals for valor; but a trace of reality, a touch of downright hell, throws pure romance and light comedy wholly out of focus. I do not know how anyone can face the actuality of the War without some intensity, and some irony, and to render the War in any way without intense emotion is a terrible evasion which is bound to wreck the proportions of the work of art, and to make the result distasteful. Start at either end; consider the thing an artistic problem, as how to be adequate in rendering your subject; or start with the subject and work out its own implications. The result will be the same.

I would like to see the story Mr. Stallings wrote and the reels of film discarded before The Big Parade was shown. As it stands it is a superb advertisement of what the director and the camera-man can achieve, and is, in those respects, a great picture. It is also a monument to the childishness of the movies, to their apprehensions about the public, to their failures to make the most of their chances. Not by contrast alone, but by contrast most effectively, Mr. Ford's novel is a living proof of the still boundless capacities of the art of fiction, of its independence and of its nobility.

GILBERT SELDES.

Truth is Stranger

BIOGRAPHER—We are both in the same business.

Novelist—How do you make that out?

Biographer—We are both writing about people.

Novelist—But your people have actually existed, while mine are made up inside my head.

Biographer—That difference is not as real as it seems on the surface. The people you believe you have invented get their start from people you have known in real life, or have read about. And the statesmen or adventurers whose lives I choose to retell are in great part my own creations.

Novelist—Which amounts to an admission that you are a very poor sort of biographer indeed.

Biographer—Not at all. But perhaps you had better explain your notion of a biographer.

Novelist—Certainly. I should remind you that I used to take a whack at biography myself. I would try to draw a picture of a particular person which should correspond with the facts I had collected about him. Taking a bird's eye view of these facts, I attempted to make of them an artistic whole. I could never work out a single pattern which satisfied me both as a pattern and as a rearrangement of certain facts adding up to the known truth. If I left out what would not fit, the picture was incomplete. If I put it in, the picture was blurred. I saw no way out of the dilemma, so I turned to fiction, where nobody but myself knew all the facts, and where I was free to change, invent and eliminate them so as to correspond with only one truth—the truth inside my own head, which I was at perfect liberty to change, and which did change as I went along, whether I wanted it to or not. My desertion to the ranks of fiction was of course partly due to laziness, but I must give myself credit for a certain amount of honesty. This brings me to that definition of a biographer you asked for. He must be honest; he must be loyal to the facts, even when they tell him nothing. My duty as a novelist is the opposite—I must above all be loyal to the image of my character, and choose only those facts which support it. You know as well as I do that every biographer is faced with quantities of material which he cannot explain. He cannot ignore this material, though it will spoil his pattern, blur his picture, and force blank spaces upon an otherwise intelligible narrative. He must record the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, even when, as often happens, the truth is quite meaningless.

Biographer—You were right to turn to fiction, because as a biographer either your honesty or your imagination would have given way. Your counsel is one of perfection, and that alone is reason enough to reject it. You ask the biographer to stick to the facts he has accumulated, to incorporate all of them, and to let them speak for themselves, even when what they say is incomprehensible. If it were possible to arrive at something like all the truth about the subject of a biography, I might agree with you. But the biographer, after years of research, after digging up all the lost letters, after interviewing all the surviving friends and associates, has at best only a very small fraction of the facts. If we rely on the memory of contemporaries, we must recognize that memories are selective, and keep for us, not all the facts, but only those which for some psychological reason, were chosen to survive. If we rely on recorded acts, we must weigh against them all acts unrecorded, acts stillborn in the will, acts resolved upon, acts refrained from. In the long movie that was a life, all that remains to us are a few disconnected stills. And, as you suggest, even if we knew all, we would still not be able to make sense of it. Our job is to make sense: that is the new biography. We recreate our own conception of likeness out of the facts by using our imagination. Of course the imagination distorts anything it touches, but only through imagination can the thing touched live at all. Do you suppose that Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria is faithful to everything the old lady said and did? I doubt it very much, but I don't care. I vastly prefer Strachey's act of creation, which will make Victoria live forever, to a more self-effacing, honest and archæological effort. An attempt to set down everything of importance would wander over the canvas until its sprawling diversities could no longer be framed. And biography should be a frame.

Novelist—You ought to be writing fiction instead.

Biographer—I might, but for a public-spirited streak in me which demands that certain characters in history I have become fond of should not forever lie buried under the facts loyally collected by the old-style biographer. If the essential character is to stick its head out above the facts, facts must be shaped, manipulated, thrown away. The whole question for me is whether the character is to survive or not. To that end I bend everything, including the truth. I will burn up a lot of little dead truths to make one big live truth: a distinct and memorable character.

Novelist—We are dangerously near a discussion of the nature of truth itself.

Biographer—I agree that nothing could be more futile. But allow me to make a few footnotes. As to a given character whose life we want to recreate, there is not, nor has there ever been, one truth, except in some impos-

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sible heaven of omniscience. A few bare facts aside—and these are likely to be the least important things in a recreation—nothing is absolutely certain. The character certainly lied to himself about himself, and had all sorts of different impressions of himself and his own acts at different times. The sum total of all those intimate impressions—the least discoverable item to a biographer—is one leg of the centipede of truth. Think of the other legs: the impressions of all the people who knew him, listened to him, witnessed his deeds. No two of them are alike, yet each of them amounts to a sort of truth, and the sum of them is still another kind of truth. What truth then can the biographer be faithful to other than his own? It is born as he explores the character, and grows according to what it feeds on. Some food it rejects, other food it builds up into the final character. And this finished product is judged and interpreted by readers in many different ways. The character is created again, but, as in his own lifetime, he relives different lives in the minds of different people. And the whole truth—since truth is subjective—is a sum of impressions of the sum of other impressions which changes so long as the book has readers, or the character vitality.

Novelist—It was a good thing that I deserted biography for fiction. Whatever diverse impressions my readers may have, at least I have a clear idea of what I was trying to do.

Biographer—I wouldn't be so sure about that.

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. Untermeyer Replies

SIR: No one, I am sure, was more amused than I by Edmund Wilson's cartoon of me as a politician among the poets. But even a caricature may protest. And since my army of lieutenants and henchmen are celebrating the results of my chicanery at Palm Beach, "the old veteran" totters to his uncertain feet and asks, in a quavering tremolo, for a brief hearing.

It is not my intention to quibble with Mr. Wilson's estimate, even though most of his article seems the very apotheosis of quibbling. That one's taste may change in seven years seems to me to be neither curious nor damnable. Is it, for example, a proof of my critical incapacity to discover that today I care less for Edgar Lee Masters and more for Conrad Aiken than I did in 1917? Is it not also possible that the work of Masters is weaker and that of Aiken far richer and more sensitive than it was eight years ago? If we admire a critic, are we not ready enough to speak of his "steady growth"; if we distrust him, is it not easy for us to score his "adaptability"?

But it is facts rather than questions which prompt me to an objection or two. The first concerns the series of Miscellanies of American Poetry, which, contrary to Mr. Wilson's assumption, have actually been without an editor until the present issue, in which the responsibility is definitely acknowledged. Mr. Wilson infers that I have kept the "unpopular" poets from their place in the biennial Miscellanies and refused to admit them unless they were within "the circle of his affiliations" or happened to "survive" my unfavorable reviews. Nothing could be further from the truth. The very first Miscellany of American Poetry contained a dozen poets, among them being Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher, both of whom were, at the time, definitely outside "the circle of my affiliations," personally and poetically. Moreover, the object of the Miscellanies was clearly declared with every number. The Foreword to the collection just published repeats what had already appeared in the previous collections, that "the Miscellany did not claim to be inclusive, for its object was neither the meritorious one of attempting to be a compendium of present-day American verse nor the possibly more exciting one of furnishing an incubator for experimental talents. It presented obviously a limited list, a baker's dozen chosen from the roster of those who had 'won their spurs'."

It was Mr. Wilson's last paragraph only that made me wince. The implication of cowardice is the more unfair since it is wholly unsupported by the one instance which Mr. Wilson summons. Quoting a derogatory sentence from my review of Amy Lowell's What's O'Clock he says, "surely Mr. Untermeyer would have written a little more warmly of one who . . . had never in her lifetime been allowed to appear to anything but advantage in Mr. Untermeyer's pages." Although Amy Lowell and I were close friends, our intimacy did not prevent me from criticizing adversely those features of her work which seemed to me to be artificial and ineffective. My review of her first volume, (published in 1912) contained no one line of praise; my review of John Keats, published several months before her death, was one of the few American reviews which were more sceptical than enthusiastic.

This, I regret, is more space than I intended to consume. But even as decrepit a "political machine" as the undersigned may ask for its day in your Correspondence column. Especially since this "popular leader deprived of an issue"—and, due to anthological omissions, deprived of most of his friends—wonders what political faction Mr. Wilson thinks is being led by

New York City. LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The League for Industrial Democracy

SIR: In this era of Calvin Coolidge it is, I think, worth more than passing notice that the League for Industrial Democracy is celebrating its twentieth birthday. Radical organizations, and some that hardly deserve to be called radical, come and go. Lately they have seemed to go more readily than to come. Fred Howe asks, not without reason, in his Confessions of a Reformer, "where are the radicals of yesterday?"

No wonder, then, that the League for Industrial Democracy feels justified in boasting that it has survived the War and post-war changes in American thought and is today stronger and more active than ever before. To be sure, even the League in the course of these twenty years has changed its name and somewhat altered its scope. But it has always kept the line of historic continuity. Beginning in 1905 as the Intercollegiate Socialist Society under the auspices of such men as Jack London, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and Upton Sinclair, it has steadily kept before itself its educational mission in our colleges. It appreciates Professor Ross's description of it as "an active ferment in an inert mass which injects inquiry and thought regarding the fundamentals of modern society." Last year its officers spoke in some 142 colleges and universities scattered all over the United States.

Besides this, in pursuit of its function, "education for a new social order based on production for use rather than profit," the League is issuing a series of pamphlets on social problems of increasingly wide appeal and importance. It sends an editorial service to over 100 farm and labor papers. It was the father of the recently formed American Committee on Justice to China and has set up under its auspices a working Committee on Coal and Super-Power of which we hope much will be heard in the years to come.

The man more responsible than any other for these twenty years of work is Dr. Harry W. Laidler, who has been continuously connected with the society. He will preside at the Anniversary Dinner at the Fifth Avenue Restaurant on Wednesday evening, December 30, at which time twenty years of social pioneering will be presented in a series of brief addresses from the standpoint of social reform, socialism, labor, etc., by such speakers as Florence Kelley, Morris Hillquit, Robert Morss Lovett, James H. Maurer, Paul Blanshard, Stuart Chase, Paul H. Douglas.

The League is always glad to answer inquiries about itself addressed to its office at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

New York City. NORMAN THOMAS.

Why Farmers Leave Home

SIR: In considering the Exhaustion of Our Soil, ought we not take into account that production per acre, actual and possible, is on the increase? The enormously greater use of machinery, such as tractors, seeders, wheel hoes, irrigation, including the new overhead watering can get as much produce from half our cultivated area as we used to get from the whole of it?

People leave the farms because, as the low rewards of the farmer show, fewer men can find profitable occupation there. In other words, fewer farm workers are needed.

New York City. BOLTON HALL.

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Mr. Stein and Good Art

SIR: From comments that I have already heard among friends and colleagues, it is clear that Leo Stein's review of The Art in Painting, published in the Literary Section of the New Republic for December 2, is attracting some professional attention from teachers whose primary concern is with arts other than painting. The closing paragraphs of the review, in which Mr. Stein argues for a "developed responsibility" as something better than an educated taste," were called to my own attention as very nearly expressing the philosophy of art education that underlies the most promising contemporary teaching of literature—a philosophy that only too seldom finds adequate statement.

Because of the urgent need for statements that will help us teachers to a little more philosophic consciousness of what we are about, and because of the value of Mr. Stein's contribution to such a consciousness, I wish to question one point in his review that perplexes me and makes me a trifle uncertain as to the actual trend of his thought.

"People should be taught responsibility for their preferences," Mr. Stein argues in the course of his last two paragraphs. "An education that enables them to recognize what is good in art while they continue to amuse themselves with what is bad, is the worst kind of æsthetic education that they can have. A primary integrity is the important thing, and it makes much less difference what they care for, than how they care for it. . . . I think that it is much better to attach little importance to what they like, and great importance to their way of liking."

Reading the review to this point, I should say that it was commending for educational purposes the kind of art study that might well be described as *critical,* in the sense given that word by a recent definition of John Dewey's: "All criticism worthy of the title is but another name for that revealing discovery of conditions and consequences which enables liking, bias, interest to express themselves in responsible and informed ways instead of ignorantly and fatalistically" (Experience and Nature, pp. 430-431). But Mr. Stein's next sentence puzzles me by apparently contradicting an important clause of Mr. Dewey's definition. "A liking for good art is not a virtue but a fatality," Mr. Stein writes.

Why this difference in regard to the element of fatality? Not everything involved in artistic appreciation is a fatality, according to Mr. Stein. The *how* of appreciation, at least, seems to be within our control, and to be the proper object of educational guidance. But does not the *how* inevitably determine certain characters of the *what?* Mr. Stein's final sentences read: "One wants it [good art] seriously only when the less good does not satisfy. A developed responsibility is better than an educated taste." Is not appreciation that is characterized by integrity and responsibility the means of reaching the point where "the less good," in Mr. Stein's terms, "does not satisfy?" Does not the development of responsibility inevitably educate taste? From the tenor of the review as a whole I should expect Mr. Stein to answer in the affirmative; but the sentence about fatality makes me uncertain. An important question as to the educational value of experience seems to be involved.

ALICE D. SNYDER.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Deficit or Surtaxes

SIR: In an unsigned article headed Deficit or Surtaxes, published in the New Republic under date of November 25, 1925, the writer makes so gross an error that it seems desirable to call it to your attention. The article says:

> When by the law of 1921 the tax rate on the largest incomes was nominally lowered from 73 percent to 50 percent, the actual tax paid fell from 63.59 percent in 1921 to 23.53 in 1925. If the tax really paid on incomes over $1,000,000 shows the same proportion to the rates levied as it did in 1923, the actual payment by this group under the new law will average only 9.4 percent of the income. The same principle holds true of other income classes from $100,000 up.

As a matter of fact, the above-cited figures completely fail to take into consideration the important fact that the tax on 1923 incomes received in addition to the lower rate provided for in 1921 an arbitrary 25 percent cut in the actual tax to be paid. Therefore, the actual tax paid fell from 63.59 percent in 1921 to 23.53 percent in 1923, not, as the writer evidently believes, solely because the tax rate was lowered from 73 to 58 percent in 1921, but because in addition to the reduction in rate granted by the Act of 1921, the Act of 1924 granted a 25 percent rebate. If he had desired to make a fair comparison, he would have compared the year 1922 to the year 1921, and he would, moreover, have considered all classes over $100,000, and not simply the million-dollar class. He would then have found that the average rate of tax by reason of the decrease in rates fell in the class of $100,000 to $150,000 by only 5 percent, or from 32 to 27 percent; in the $150,000 to $300,000 from 42 to 37 percent; in the $300,000 class from 51 to 37 percent; in the $500,000 class from 58 to 35 percent; and in the million-dollar class from 63 to 35 percent. Moreover, the average rate of tax paid per individual is not controlled by the rates alone. There are all sorts of other factors, such as legal deductions, and the number of taxpayers in the class, which in the case of as small a class as this one, must affect the average size of the income very materially. The number in this class increased from 21 in 1921 to 74 in 1923.

Finally, the whole purpose of the article is to prove that the contemplated bill will result in a deficit in the course of the next two years. The figures in question, which, by the way, are the only ones given, are cited in order to show the tremendous loss in revenue likely to be suffered by reason of the cut in the highest brackets. But the figures given do not show anything of the kind, and have no necessary bearing on the total amount of revenue yielded by the largest incomes. As a matter of fact, incomes of a million dollars and over yielded in 1925 on the 1924 income, at a maximum 46 percent rate, 15 million dollars more than they did in 1921 when the rate was 58 percent, and in 1916, when the rate was only 13 percent, they yielded 5 million more than in 1925 on 1924 income.

OGDEN L. MILLS.

Washington, D. C.

[The paragraph in question was written to indicate that the Ways and Means Committee may have overestimated the tax yield on large incomes under the new law. The experience of a previous reduction was cited to illustrate this. In 1921 the legal rate of normal tax plus surtax on incomes of $1,000,000 and over was 73 percent. In 1921 it had been reduced to 58 percent. From this it might have been inferred that the reduction in the rate to be paid on these incomes would be the percentage difference between 73 and 58, or 20.6 percent. As a matter of fact, however, no income yields the full legal rate on its total amount, on account of legal deductions and other complications. If we take the sum of the taxes actually paid on these incomes and compare it with the sum of the incomes, we find that in 1921 the rate actually paid was 63.59 percent and in 1923 it was 23.53 percent. The percentage drop was therefore about 63 percent—or three times as much as might have been expected from the change in rates alone.

Mr. Mills correctly points out that in making this calculation we have ignored the extra 25 percent reduction applicable to all incomes in 1923. When using the comparison for the purpose in mind, this reduction should have been considered. Doing so, however, does not rob the contention of all its force. The reduction in legal rates thus calculated was from 73 percent to 58 percent less ¼ or to 43.5 percent. The percentage difference between the two is about 40, which is still much less than the 63 percent drop in the actual rate of payment.

Mr. Mills's further contention that the yield to the government depends on the amount of the incomes within a given class as well as on the rates paid by that class is correct, but it merely adds emphasis to our warning that the yield may be overestimated. You may get a larger yield with a smaller rate, if the country is more prosperous and incomes are larger, but on the other hand you will surely get a smaller yield than the rate leads you to expect if the country is less prosperous and incomes are smaller. It is natural that a lower rate yielded more on the highest class of incomes in 1924 than in 1921, and in 1916 than in 1924, because 1924 was a year of moderate prosperity; 1921 was a year of extreme depression; and 1916 was a year of extraordinary war profits. The question in this respect now is whether prosperity for the rich is going to be much greater in 1926, 1927 and 1928 than it was in 1924. We think it hardly safe to assume so. If it is not so, a deficit is a distinct probability.

THE EDITORS.]

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A Nonconforming Journalist

The Life of W. T. Stead, by Frederic Whyte. Two vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 713 pages. $12.

THE life of W. T. Stead offers extraordinary difficulties to the biographer. In the first place the mass of material is literally overwhelming. Stead made his own personality the basis of his journalism, which accordingly in all its vast range of report, interview, editorial, feature article and public address must be studied and digested. His utterances on the Boer War alone, Mr. Whyte ruefully conjectures, would fill a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica. He surely holds the record for correspondence in the pre-typewriter days. His biographer complains that his letters while he was editing the Review of Reviews number seventy to eighty thousand, badly preserved by the old-fashioned copying press. These do not fall into sustained series which themselves tell the story of a life, but were scattered among 5000 different people. In one way or another Stead came into contact with nearly all the celebrities of his day, whose opinions of him are as various as themselves. To those who knew him best his personality was heterogeneous, defying analysis, lending itself to description by exaggerated comparison. To Milner, he was a compound of Don Quixote and P. T. Barnum; to Harold Frederic, of Chadband, Ignatius Loyola, Lydia Languish and Guiteau. His behavior breaks through any ordinary theory of interpretation. He was the thoroughgoing supporter of innumerable causes, some of which made very hostile faces at each other. He was the author of one of the panics to which Great Britain was indebted for her navy—and yet the enemy of war. He was the defender of Russia—and of Ireland. He was the friend of Cecil Rhodes and apologist for the Jameson Raid, but he would have gone to the gallows in opposition to the Boer War. He was a nonconforming Protestant with an obsession for the Pope. Over the whole field of his partisanship he cast an eerie light by attributing his message to communication with spirits of the dead, particularly one Julia Ames, whose amanuensis he declared himself to be—a claim which has the effect of throwing his whole career into a realm whither no biographer can follow.

Out of all this Mr. Whyte has made a valuable if not entirely satisfactory biography. With such bulky materials and diversity of interests the matter of selection is of first importance, and here Mr. Whyte will not satisfy everyone. At times he is disappointingly meagre. Stead first filled the public eye when as editor of the Pall Mall Gazette he dramatized the lack of legal protection for young girls by himself purchasing a certain Eliza Armstrong, aged 13, from her mother, merely to show that it could be done. He secured the enactment of a law raising the age of consent to 16, but was himself tried, convicted and sentenced to three months in jail. We should like to know who were the moving spirits behind his prosecution. One Rebecca Jarrett, of the Salvation Army, acted as his accomplice, and afterwards broke down on the witness stand. We should like to know the nature of her testimony. Mr. Whyte encumbers his volumes with long extracts from Stead's interviews. In particular he gives a chapter to a conversation between Stead and the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, which is remarkable only for the fact that nothing was said and that Stead faithfully recalls the Prince's habit of saying it twice. Much space is given to estimates by notable people which he was constantly inviting in connection with his various enterprises and which his death in the Titanic disaster called forth in abundance. It should not be inferred that Mr. Whyte is solely concerned with eulogistic whitewash and decoration. He cites Bernard Shaw as advocatus diaboli. Above all, his impartiality is attested by his inclusion of some of Stead's letters, which show him in his least favorable light, prostrating himself on his epistolary stomach to gain the ear and tongue of King Leopold or the Kaiser.

Stead's place in history is that of a journalist. A north country editor, he was summoned to London in 1880 to assist John Morley in the editorship of the new Pall Mall Gazette, and within five years had made himself "the most powerful journalist in the island." And as journalist Stead aspired to be the most powerful personage in the island. He realized the strength of the "phantom public," and proposed to exercise it as tribune, above monarchs and governments. The methods by which this latent force might be made active, directed and controlled were his study, and new, strange, daring forms of publicity were his invention. As editor of the Pall Mall he repeatedly forced the hand of the government. In the case of the navy program Lord Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty, had said in Parliament that if they gave him 2,000,000 pounds he would not know how to spend it. Within three months Stead had him clamoring that the safety of the island demanded 5,000,000 pounds. He devised the sending of Gordon into the Sudan, and then forced the government to send an army to bring him out. The opening of his purity campaign is an illustration of his extension of journalism into action. Similarly on his famous visit to Chicago he secured publicity for the unemployment situation by working with a gang of snow shovelers, and was only prevented by a severe chill from spending the night among them in the city lodging-house. His death on the Titanic was a tragic dramatization of his plea for adequate lifeboats on ocean liners. His development of the interview had two objects: the conversion of the individual to his cause, and the aligning of public opinion behind it. Kings, Tsars and Prime Ministers were especially useful for his purpose. While he listened to the weasel words of his victims, he heard the great roar of the people outside.

Of the many points of view to which Stead exposes himself, it may be said that the religious allows more, and more penetrating, light to be thrown on his character than any other. Stead was a Nonconformist, a descendant of Puritans. In their spirit he read Milton, Bunyan and the Bible. Cromwell was his hero. To the strain of culture which England owes to her established church he was in pronounced opposition. He shows in harsh contrast to the gracious churchmen with whom he was in frequent and sympathetic relations, Canons Liddon and Scott-Holland, Dean Church, Cardinal Manning. His sense of close partnership with God gave him supreme confidence in himself. After a consultation with Dean Church as to his momentous choice between the North and London the Dean remarked: "I do hope you may be guided aright." Stead replied confidently, "When the time comes I shall see my duty clearly," to which Dean Church remarked wistfully: "What a happy man you must be." When he succeeded John Morley, the representative of the chief intellectual tradition of the century, he wrote: "And yet why should I fear? I have been helped hitherto and shall be helped. Therein have I a great advantage over Mr. Morley." The same sense stirred him to wrath against God's enemies, like that of Joshua or Cromwell. He once speculated: "Perhaps if I live till I am ten years older the fierce impulses which govern me, and sometimes drive me

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mad, will have moderated their force; the sight of cruelty and selfishness and brutality may no longer chill me until I shiver and my head grows faint"; but he doubted it, doubted if even death itself would check his passion for immediate action. In all this he was a perfect representative of that Hebraism against which Matthew Arnold protested in the name of sweetness and light. The Pall Mall Gazette was the representative of that new journalism of which Arnold wrote: "It is full of ability, novelty, variety, sensation, sympathy, generous instincts; its one fault is that it is feather-brained. It throws out assertions at a venture because it wishes them true; does not correct either them or itself, if they are false; and to get at the state of things as they really are it seems to feel no concern whatever." Stead never allowed the hue of resolution to be sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. He never scrutinized results. His denunciation of the Boer War was in no sense repentance for his earlier zeal in heaping the faggots of imperialism. He defended the Jameson Raid; he despised Joseph Chamberlain for lying out of his complicity in it, and hated Sir William Harcourt for halting the investigation at the threshold of that lie. All this is a perfect illustration of Stead's devout service of a jealous if somewhat uncritical deity. An instance nearer home is his visit to Chicago, modestly described in his book "If Christ Came to Chicago." He left as the results of which he was proud the election of John P. Hopkins as Mayor, and the founding of the Civic Federation!

A nonconformist religious background was not unfavorable to journalism. It stimulated Stead's activities, inured him against failure, and freed him from the scruples of taste and rules of deportment, in the interest of the attainment of the immediate object which could always be identified with the will of God. Imagine those journalistic sons of clerical culture, Addison or Matthew Arnold, in the office of the Pall Mall Gazette! Thus Stead suggests an earlier nonconformist middle-class journalist, none other than Daniel Defoe. It is true Defoe had little of the religious ardor which animated Stead; but he was like him in range of interest and facility of enthusiasm—a veritable zeal-of-the-land-busy. In respect to the technique of their profession they deserve comparison. Stead developed the inventions of his predecessor—notably the interview. Both had an instant discernment of that which compels publicity, crime, catastrophe, sex, the supernatural. Stead, like Defoe, but with a livelier faith, discoursed of the reality of apparitions. Like Defoe, but with a more honest purpose, he exposed vice and crime, especially in high places. Both found sex an obsession. Havelock Ellis records his conversations with Stead on the subject—a matter which Mr. White relegates to the appendix—and puts down his conviction that "his repressed sexuality was the motive force in many of his activities. And finally both Defoe and Stead were eminently socially minded. They believed in the amelioration of the lot of their fellow men and regarded the diffusion of useful knowledge by journalism as a practical means to that end. Perhaps the chief difference between them is one of psychological climate. Defoe lived after the fervor of the Puritans had cooled into Laodiceanism, Stead in the midst of the revival of evangelicalism and the reign of Victorianism. We may be sure, however, that Defoe would have set out with Stead on his last fatal journey, to evangelize the United States by use of the card index system, though Stead would have cared more for salvation, Defoe for the mechanical operation of the project.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Whither British Agriculture?

The Tenure of Agricultural Land, by C. S. Orwin and W. R. Peel. London: Cambridge University Press. 76 pages.

THE prosaic title of this small volume carries the sound of Academia. I venture to say that the archives of agricultural colleges include dozens of carefully filed and studiously forgotten theses bearing precisely the same caption. But this book will not be soon forgotten. Its authors have enjoyed the rare fortune of producing the results of research at the exact moment of public need. By virtue of a curious inversion in cause and effect, people invariably become interested in agriculture when the ailments of industry are worst. At the moment there are more industrially employed in England than the total of agricultural producers; consequently agricultural reform is in ascendency. Lloyd George and the Liberal party base their mutual hopes on the current popularity of land policies, and it is not too much to prophesy that in the next general election the agrarian issue will become more important than at any time since the days of the Corn Laws.

Professors Orwin and Peel have produced a timely volume, but timeliness is partially accidental. The intrinsic value of their undertaking rests upon more solid merits. This book provides adequate historical backgrounds, sets forth a graphic problem to be solved, employs rigorous logic in analysis, and proposes a reasonable though radical remedy—all within the compass of seventy-six pages. From the viewpoint of research and the growing conviction that investigators must take cognizance of the consequences of their facts, this performance sets a new and admirable standard. Its chief interest for American readers will, however, radiate from its conclusions and not from its method.

"Outside such areas (land owned by counties, towns, cities, boroughs, urban districts and town planning corporations) the proposal is," say Professors Orwin and Peel, "that all lands, speaking generally, should be acquired by the state." The state is to purchase all land (excluding the above and additional exemptions) according to a valuation based upon the capitalization of income-tax assessments. Taking into consideration the present value of money, it is estimated that twenty-two and one-half years represents the purchase period. Thus, if a farmstead is taxed at £297, the purchase consideration would be £297 x 22½, or £6,682 10s. Owner-occupiers would, under this scheme, receive certain optional favors but all landlords are to be eliminated and all farmers become automatically tenants of the state. Most land-reform proposals proceed from the general assumption that landlordism and tenancy are concomitant evils. Orwin and Peel, on the contrary, present convincing defenses for both; they contend—limiting their appraisal to British conditions—that the landlord of the past performed highly useful functions—financial, managerial and social—and further that the present agrarian decay is traceable directly to the curtailment and cessation of these functions. Their proposal merely transfers these offices to the state.

A fine discrimination is made between the present proposal and the nationalization scheme sponsored by the Labor party. Nationalization of agricultural industry implies both ownership and management. Orwin and Peel commend state ownership as a substitute for disintegrated landlordism, but they likewise condemn state management. "Nothing," they state, "is further from their purpose than

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interference with private enterprise." Further: "This is not socialism; it is, in fact, the antithesis to the socialism that aims at controlling the farmers' business methods." The delicate distinction between state purchase and nationalization loses its sharpness when the authors' plans for state administration are closely studied. One learns, for example, that there is to be a Chief Administrator of Lands, a County Land Agent for each county, and District Land Agents to supervise areas of approximately 30,000 acres each. One of the main responsibilities of these agents will obviously be to determine who is to rent the land and on what conditions. Ultimately the land will drift into the hands of those who are able to pay the rent, and unless the state learns how to promote productive efficiency it will be obliged to decrease rents or subsidize the less-efficient farmers. In both cases the state willy nilly enters the field of management. The bureaucracy which administers the public lands may of course accommodate itself to a system of control which decentralizes power and thereby escape the responsibilities of management — in which case it will be unique among bureaucracies.

British electors will undoubtedly give sanction to some scheme of land reform in the near future. Three proposals have been advanced: (a) nationalization as advocated by the Labor party; (b) state purchase with ensuing state supervision leading toward smaller holdings along lines of the Danish system as recently proposed by the Liberal party; (c) state purchase with a minimum of supervision according to the plans of Orwin and Peel. A compromising parliament will of course devise a project which differs from all of these a priori designs, but what seems significant to an outside observer is the fact that any choice will necessarily lead in the direction of state ownership of agricultural land. Thus it may happen that our most highly-organized industrial civilization will conduct its first socialization experiments in the region of agriculture rather than industry.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

Ignorance and Unveracity

The Senate and the League of Nations, by Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 424 pages. $4.

SENATOR LODGE'S unveracity is quite astonishing. His ignorance may be excused on the ground that many things now known were not accessible to him. But unveracity added to ignorance produces an amazing narrative. His book has no more value than he claims for it; it tells the story of the Wilson presidentiad from his "own standpoint," the emphasis being on the War and the Peace.

This is not the place to examine the book in minutest detail. Lodge's acrimony and anti-Wilson bias have been dealt with in the pro-Wilson newspapers. Here it may be pertinent to concentrate the emphasis on certain misstatements of the Senator, and upon certain lacunæ in his information which when filled seriously modify his story.

First, the points of information. It may be relevant to remark parenthetically the American War Epic is due for as destructive a revision as the European Epic has undergone. Mr. Lodge, it appears:

(1) Believed implicitly the Entente war mythology and interpreted the War in the light of it. He claims that his reading after the War confirmed his opinion. I wonder what he read.

(2) He still was willing, in this book, to base his analysis of the Lusitania episode on the misinformation current at the time.

(3) He accepted the common interpretation that Wilson suddenly declared for war in 1917, making it appear for his advantage that Wilson was always and foolishly neutral, ignoring the Manhattan Club speech of November, 1915, and being ignorant of the Sunrise Conference of April, 1916, and of the House activities like those revealed by Lord Grey in his Memoirs.

Second, on interpretation:

(1) His judgment was seriously biased by his Anglomania which is particularly obvious in his references to the British blockade and the American protests, on pages 64, 67 and 69.

(2) He garbles to his own profit the account of the campaign of 1916. Compare Lodge's account with Shippee, Recent American History, pages 419-422.

(3) His anti-Wilson bias appears particularly malignant in the Henry White episode, pages 123-128. See on this Mr. White's reply in the A. P. reports for November 9, 1925.

(4) He misstates and misinterprets for his own advantage the Harding election. Compare his account with Shippee, pages 513 and 517 and 518.

As a general conclusion it may be stated that Lodge's book is as weak as the general run of the apologies now appearing. If it is not so honest as some, there are others more dishonest. But if he included all he knew, it must be said that Lodge was on the periphery of American world politics. What he did not know is vastly more impressive than what he did know. (I leave to others the judgment of the League of Nations activity.) To some readers this will seem unbelievable when it is recalled that Lodge was on the Committee on Foreign Relations. I can only say that so it appears to me.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

Globe-Trotting Through the Literary World

The Story of the World's Literature. By John Macy. New York: Boni and Liveright. 613 pages. $5.

THE Persian poet Saadi to whom Mr. Macy devotes four lines was once asked from whom he had learned his good manners. The well-bred sage replied: "From the unmannerly; whatever I saw them do, and disapproved of, I avoided to do." Mr. Macy's Story will show future historians what pitfalls to avoid. The author is ambitious; he wants to cover the whole extent of belles-lettres in all times and climes. His "canned culture" reminds the reader of the variety of canned goods displayed in a grocery store. The author commands a vivid and often picturesque style, but is altogether lacking in a sense of due proportion. For example, he regales us with about 15 pages (43-57) of commonplaces about the Old Testament, but hardly offers instruction above the average Sacred History used in Sunday schools. Confucianism, Buddhism and Islam are passed off collectively in barely three pages (25, 31, 32). The romance of Mahayana Buddhism thrills the soul of the Far East; Mr. Macy does not even mention its fascinating literature. And why does he mark the vowel-lengths in Ramayana and Kalidasa, but omit them in Sakuntala and Nirvana? Dante's literary importance is argued out well, and the Florentine's thought-furrowed features are splen-

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didly drawn by Mr. Ruotolo. But the spirited Chanson de Roland is retold in a humdrum monotone. Celtic Origins are advertised in big headlines, but Mr. Macy has not a word to say about the stirring Cuchullin Saga of early Gaelic literature. He also ignores the Russian Song of Igor which is not inferior to the Old French and Irish epics. His chapters on English and especially American literature are by far the best in the whole volume. Walt Whitman's picture (p. 557) is superb. Swinburne is mentioned in 19 places, but Pindar and Schiller, two stars of far greater magnitude in the poetic heavens, are comparatively neglected. "Pindar was the greatest of the writers of odes of victory . . . among the Greeks he was no more distinguished than several other poets" (p. 95). The latter part of Mr. Macy's statement is a false assertion, and the former is a truism. Schiller receives a page of nothingness (447). "He had begun with prose dramas, The Robbers, Cabals and Love. . . . These plays are in prose." Why repeat such an insignificant fact?

Mr. Macy has undoubtedly literary and critical talents; his sympathetic mind warmly responds to all noble and constructive ideas. But he has attempted too much. His enthusiasm outweighs his capacity. If he had realized his natural limitations, and concentrated his admirable gifts on a narrower range, he might have achieved much more. A popular and reliable record of the world's literature, for American readers, still remains a desideratum.

ERNEST P. HORRWITZ.

The Travel Club

Roving Through Southern China, by Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company. 649 pages. $5.

Chinese Fantastics, by Thomas Steep. New York: The Century Company. 223 pages. $2.

The Royal Road to Romance, by Richard Halliburton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 399 pages. $5.

Beyond Khyber Pass, by Lowell Thomas. New York: The Century Company. 255 pages. $4.

Yes, Lady Sahib, by Grace Thompson Seton. New York: Harper and Brothers. 368 pages. $4.

HERE are five—only five—of the year's travel books. From five levels (no offense meant) they give the Chinese and Indian scene, all conscientiously drowning the impulse to interpret in the duty to describe. To keep half the world's curiosity fed is an endless (and remunerative) task and requires more photographs than philosophy. These writers have all the merit of giving what their eyes have seen and their ears heard, with plates, and the minimum of insight into the oriental. This is a mark for intelligence in the journalist.

Harry Franck, familiar veteran of the travel-writing profession, has given us the sequel to his Wandering in Northern China published last year. Mr. Franck is nothing if not thorough. He does not whiz through countries on a train. He walks. Sometimes in order to get his book done by the end of the year he has to hire a horse or a canal boat, but this is not his usual practice. In this book he walks from the Yangtse overland to Fukien, and from Yunnanfu—magic city—to the Yangtse again, several thousand miles further up. He climbs the sacred mountain, Omeishan. These and all other things he does, he records in enough detail to make a traveled man of the reader by page 649.

Thomas Steep has done a clever thing in collecting into a book as much traveler's gossip about China as he could find—anecdotes, legends, traditions, facts—the local small-change of hotel lobbies, the conversational nuggets of resident missionaries, the sort of thing that travelers bring home—unnegotiable—to clutter up the cubby-holes of their minds. It is quaint coin, and not unentertaining.

Richard Halliburton is one of those impulsive young men who seek adventure on the spur of the moment, sticking pins into the map blindfold to get directions, and spending the night on the pyramids when able. The best part of his adventures lie in India and China, where he goes swimming in the pool before the Taj Mahal, and beats his way up to the Khyber pass for the emotion of looking into forbidden Afghanistan. Lowell Thomas, lucky man, has passed that stern sign at the head of the Khyber. By special invitation of the Amir, he and a companion journeyed to Kabul, mysterious capital of the roof of the world, where the Amir and his ministers in ill-fitting European clothes showed them how a proper oriental despotism (almost the last one) is run. Tribes, cities, caravan routes whose names are a romance to western ears, are a matter of fact in Afghanistan. It is an absorbing book by a professional man of adventure of long standing.

No one, unless it were an ambassador, could ever have gone to India with a more sonorous line of introductions than Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton. The few people of account to whom she did not have introductions she managed to meet anyway. From Earl Reading to Ghandi, between Ceylon and Bhopal she did not miss a trick. She bearded the native princes in their states, traveling uncomfortable distances alone on their railroads to do it, and charmed them against all their prejudices into statements for the press. Her prolonged quest of a tiger runs through the book like a plot and shows the lengths to which her indomitable zeal could carry her. How so much could have been crammed by one lady journalist into six months is a miracle even in this day of feminine prodigies.

It is too bad that the companion piece to this five-fold oriental sketch can never be written. If it could, these surface books would become part of a profoundly philosophical work. They would help define the undefinable hitch between the East and West. If only we could set beside these another five books telling what went through the oriental minds of the Amirs and railway conductors and Maharajas and native police and Chinese boatmen and pariah girls—of all the people who met and succored and cheated and entertained these five foreigners—if only we knew what the priests of Omeishan thought of the gaunt foreign devil who walked in upon their sacred mountain, what the pirates thought who relieved Mr. Halliburton of everything but his trousers, what the Amir confided to his brother after Lowell Thomas's visit, what the Jhagat Guru, that holy man, allowed himself to reflect when Mrs. Seton had done interviewing! These are things that we shall never know—truths that exist, but cannot be found. For want of them the hitch between East and West will remain buried in indefinability.

E. VINCENT.

Fiction Notes

Manhattan Transfer, by John Dos Passos. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

MR. DOS PASSOS has here tried to do something dangerously ambitious: New York on one canvas. The canvas is so long that, like a rug, it rolls up behind us as we read, until we forget much of what has gone before. Such a rug can hardly acquire the cumulative interest intended for it. The method is one of brief alternating

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scenes from the lives of innumerable people. Some of the scenes are excellent, but all together they somehow fail to add up. The canvas is too all-inclusive to leave upon us, at the end, a clear impression of its carefully thought-out design. Just as the book is overcrowded with scenes, so is each scene overdocumented with facts. Indeed Mr. Dos Passos's method smacks of documentation, and carries us back to the days of the French naturalists hunting through all the alleys of humanity with a notebook. Long lists of faithfully observed detail, long minutes of faithfully heard conversation, pack each page with more material than the mind's eye of the reader can carry away with him. "It's ebb tide in the downtown district, flood in Flatbush, Woodlawn, Dyckman Street, Sheepshead Bay, New Lots Avenue, Canarsie." Locked in this collection are doubtless meanings which the author has failed to bring to life. And so Manhattan Transfer reminds one of a Sears Roebuck catalogue—though the latter is a trifle more interesting.

The Office, by Nathan Asch. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THE Office is also a picture of New York—thumbnails of the dozen or more characters upset or changed when the Wall Street firm in which they all worked goes smash. Where Mr. Dos Passos was laboriously sympathetic Mr. Asch is savagely staccato. The opening chapter is a sensational accumulation of words—each word separated from the next by a dash: "Buy—sell—exchange—beg—borrow—steal—cheat—give—take—donate—endow—deceive—lie—sympathize—pity—love" for all the world like a list of irregular verbs out of a grammar. The second chapter carries the method into conversation, and is sensationally effective. After this Mr. Asch lapses into a soberer narrative, bald and hard, acidly economical, at times hot, but never warm-hearted. A few characters emerge, and a few incidents, notably the ride of the jobless clerks uptown and Miss James at the switchboard, but on the whole the result, though sharp on the tongue at the time of reading, is not memorable. The Office remains one of those experiments, turned by a clever, hasty hand, which is chiefly remarkable as an experiment. One wishes The Office had more of Mr. Dos Passos's patience, and Manhattan Transfer more of Mr. Asch's vitality, however strident.

Married Life, by Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harcourt, Bruce and Company. $2.

MARRIED LIFE is the reunion of a half dozen short stories under a convenient roof. Marriage happens to be their theme, but from life they are second cousins thrice removed. A plausible, smart unreality pervades them; the captured flush of humanity blooms on their porcelain cheeks. If dropped they would break into a hundred sharp little pieces. Irony often guides Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's hand, but it is a habitual sort of irony, and the stories seem made in order to give it plenty to do. The first five, cast in a conventional mold, are competent, readable; the last of all, Souls in Intaglio, lacks their brisk superficiality, but its conscientious unworldliness fails to convince. "The saints," remarks Miss O'Shaughnessy, "are so often raised by supernatural strength, levitation it is called, a little above the ground, where mostly men and women crawl, yea, on their bellies. No, [this story] cannot be understood unless one be raised enough to see that all things are not alone of this world." Yea.

Life Begins Tomorrow, by Guido da Verona. Translated from the Italian by Isabel Grazebrook. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

GUIDO DA VERONA is a writer of best sellers in Italy, and this is the most popular of them all. At last we feel that we understand Fascism a little better, for Life Begins Tomorrow has the kind of pop-eyed arrogance and sensational feverishness which we had thought was the sole property of Mussolini. A great cold scientist loves a beautiful warm woman. She is the wife of his best friend, now paralyzed and on his death bed. The husband guesses the truth, and begs the scientist to kill him. The scientist does so. Rumors spread. He is accused. The whole city, the whole nation is in turmoil. Crowds collect at his door. He walks through them, his "leonine" head proudly erect, his eyes flashing cold hatred and defiance. Not guilty. He quells a university riot with leonine masterfulness. The beautiful warm woman bears him a child. Minor villains enter writhing and exeunt squirming. Every few pages the words "leonine" and "voluptuousness" are called in for overtime work. The novel rushes on with the metallic fury of an express train. And there is not one single person in whom belief is even remotely possible. Unless the reader takes the precaution of putting on a black shirt.

Chains, by Henri Barbusse. Translated from the French by Stephen Haden Guest. Two vols. New York: International Publishers. $4.

IT was rash of me," says Barbusse in his introduction, "to attack directly the whole tremendous drama of Man deployed across the centuries." It was indeed. For these two volumes by the founder of Clarté are a confused salad of philosophy, yearning, dreaming, historical fantasy and exclamation. "Where am I? . . . Everywhere . . . but I am falling. . . . My hellish fall through the void of the impossible has thrust me back from satiety to desire. . . ." And we echo after him, more and more faintly, "where are you . . . we are falling!" Falling through long bubbling visions, through miles of ecstatic darkness. The chains that have bound mankind in every age—cruelty, despotism, ignorance, desire, dogma, are his theme, and he develops it by hectic reconstructions of shadowy civilizations. Melkarth, Mini, Cyaxares, Odon, Adam. He and She float upon clouds of verbiage, jostled about by puffs of air from Barbusse's hysterical lungs. The moral is that intellectuals should "not be the last to perceive how rational and moral, how magnificent and good is this total reformation, now roughly mapped out by a minority—a minority which, none the less, embodies the power and the spirit." Plainly the Communists. A divisible minority, some of whom are solid and others, including Barbusse, liquid with a most disheartening fluency.

MOSES HARPER.

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